HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 343.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT ("UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER" GRANT).—FROM A NEW PHOTOGRAPH JUST RECEIVED FROM VICKSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

Tu the Edditer ov Harper's Weekly:

Deer Sir,—Cousin Sophy and I went daown tu Concord the uther day, bein ez it was the glorius Fourth, tu attend the Dimmykrattic meetin. But I guess thay made a mistake in namin ov it, fur thare wasn't a single Jackson man tu be seen fur love nor money.

The funniest part ov the show was whare thay spoke ov the war. Why, Mr. Edditer, I deklare I begun tu think thare wasn't no rebellion at all! Awl they tawked abaout was Lincoln's despotism, and haow he woodn't let 'em speek thare minds (though I thort thay didn't *seem* very bashful as tu expressin ov thare sentyments). Thay passed a lot ov resolushuns abaout the war in the Nawth agin aour Suthern brethren, and ez thay was raythér curus sayins fur Dimmykrats, I thort I'd jest rite orf the substanse ov 'em fur yure benefit. Thay say thare nevver was sich a tyrant ez Lincoln, and thet we air a daowntrodden peeple. Why don't thay go and live with thare Suthern brethren?

But I will now klose with a poim:

POIM.

RESOLUSHUNS OV THE CONCORD, N. H., "DIMMOCKRASSY" (SO-KALLED, *NOT* IN HONOR OV GINERAL JACKSON). DEDIKATED TU HON. FRANKLIN PIERCE, THE HERO OV MEXICO, AND CHAIRMAN OV THE KONVENSHUN.

Resolved,—This nation's goin tu reuin—
Old Abram Lincoln's baound tu strand it.
Thare's sum awlfired mischief brewin,
We Dimmykrats can't no way stand it!
We make a vaow, from this time forth,
Tu stop awl warfare in the North.

Resolved,—Thet Lincoln's a userper—
An awful skeery wun et that—
He shall not lead us wun step further
Then we've a mind tu go—thet's flat!
We luv the Guverment ov the nation,
But go agin its administrashun.

Resolved,—This war shood be conduckted
Most viggorous, by the laws ov peece.
Thet nigger folks may be abduckted
Whereso aour Suthern brethren please,
And whereso'er a tremblin' slave is,
He shood be given tu Jeff Davis.

Resolved,—The stones we've thrown in Dixie
Hev brought us tu an orful pass.
We let aour dander rise too quickly;
We shood hev gone on throwin' grass.
We b'lieve Vallandigham a saint:
Woe tu the man whu sez he ain't!

Resolved,—We will rekord the story,
Thet in this war *we've* acted wust:
It's true, the Saouth fired on "old glory;"
But *didn't we go and hoist it fust?*
We might hev missed the war's mischances
Ef we hed hoisted olive branches!

Tharefore we form a resolushun,
Tu make all Lincoln's auders void—
Tu put his ginerals tu konfushun,
So thet aour own sha'n't be annoyed;
And fortify aour strong position
By firing guns on abbolition!

We'll grasp the fiery suthern cross,
And bid sich fokes ez Butler bear it!
We'll kover aour defeat and loss
With treason's garb (naow Davis wears it).
We skorn deceit, detest hypockracy—
Make way thare fur the Peace Dimmockrassy!

Charity Grimes.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 25, 1863.

THE DRAFT.

The attempt to enforce the draft in the city of New York has led to rioting. Men have been killed and houses burned; worst of all, an orphan asylum—a noble monument of charity for the reception of colored orphans—has been ruthlessly destroyed, and children and nurses have lost every thing they had in the world.

The event should cause no surprise. It should have been anticipated. It was not reasonable to expect that the operatives of this large city—who have never been forced to realize the obligations of citizenship—should at once realize what is thoroughly understood by the people of almost every European town. It will take time to make them understand that every government must, for its own protection, enjoy the power of compelling its citizens to perform military service. And it will take still more time, reflection, and information to satisfy them that the Conscription Act passed at the last session of Congress is in reality fair, liberal, and humane; that it is far more generous to the operative class than the conscription laws of Europe, inasmuch as it tenderly guards orphans, widows, and aged parents from being deprived of their natural support, while it exempts very few indeed of the wealthier class. Every working-man who reflects will readily understand that the $300 clause was merely intended to regulate the price of substitutes so as to prevent speculation in conscripts by the harpies who traded so successfully in volunteers; and that men of wealth, whose business affords livelihood to scores of people, would have obtained substitutes though this clause had never been enacted. Still it was natural enough that the operative class—especially that of so turbulent a city as this—should misconstrue the act; should imagine themselves aggrieved by the exemption of wealthy men on payment of money; and should attempt to resist the enforcement of laws both new to them and unquestionably unpleasant in their application. Even if these ideas had not occurred to them spontaneously, the leading organs of the Opposition took care that they should be reminded of their "wrongs." For many days past the newspapers which are said to speak the views of the Democratic leaders have denounced the conscription as unequal, unjust to working-men, tyrannical, and outrageous. The writers of these articles probably knew perfectly well that, in the present circumstances of the nation, *a* conscription act was absolutely necessary, and that, on the whole, our present act was as fair a one as could be devised. But, in their malignant partisanship, they thought of nothing but the opportunity of making political capital against the Government. They sympathized with the working-man in the oppression under which he groaned. They denounced Mr. Lincoln as a reckless and imbecile tyrant. They denounced the war as a needless, fratricidal, and abolition war. And they wondered at the calm with which the operatives of New York submitted to the execution of a law which they declared to be utterly intolerable.

Under these circumstances who can wonder at riots breaking out? No man likes to be torn from his family and forced to serve in the ranks. If the individuals sentenced to undergo this fate can persuade themselves that the sentence is unjust, the law unconstitutional, and the authorities arbitrary, who can be surprised at their resistance?

Large cities, too, have their peculiar requirements, and one of these is periodical riots. Every large city has them. In Paris they occur once in every generation, and are called revolutions. In London they used to be more frequent than they are now; the authorities have learned how to deal with them, and now they are generally checked in the bud by an overwhelming display of military and constabulary force. Here they are a new thing. The Astor Place Riot is almost the only example on record; for the Dead Rabbit riots were suppressed almost before they had broken out. The affair of Monday last bore a closer resemblance to a European riot than any thing we have ever had here. The leaders and principal actors in the affair were boys—beardless youths of fifteen to eighteen. Behind these, and seemingly operating as a mere reserve force, was a body of men—operatives in foundries and factories, laborers, stablemen, etc.—who did the murdering of policemen, the gutting of houses, the firing of dwellings, etc., after the boys had opened the battle with volleys of stones. In all the crowds there was a fair sprinkling of women, not young, but married women, who were probably roused to fury by the fear of having their husbands taken from them by the draft. This kind of mixed crowd, though often good-humored and apt to be easily managed by a skillful leader, is likewise prone to the wildest excesses of passion and brutality. The boys and men invariably get drunk at an early stage of the proceedings; the women appear to become equally intoxicated with excitement; and all together commit crimes from which every individual in the crowd would probably shrink if he were alone. Such crowds are so cowardly that a handful of disciplined troops will scatter them like chaff; and so blood-thirsty that they will tear in pieces an individual against whom their fury happens to be directed, or burn a building in which women and children are situated without chance of escape.

There was nothing peculiar to New York, or to the Irish race in this riot of Monday. Precisely similar mobs have been seen in Paris, London, Vienna, Naples, and Canton. They are explosions of the volcanic element which lies dormant in the heart of every large city. Nor does the riot imply, as some of the papers try to have us believe, any such general disapproval of the Conscription law as should lead to its alteration or suspension. Though the draft was the original cause of the riot, it soon took the more familiar direction of an anti-negro demonstration, such as used to occur in this city at intervals of ten years or so before the Revolution of 1776, similar in kind to the no-popery riots of Lord George Gordon, in London, and the Jacobin riots in Paris during the revolution. Toward the close of the day, the rage of the mob was exclusively directed against colored people, who had no more to do with enforcing the Conscription Act than the Pope of Rome.

The question now is—have we a government capable of suppressing mobs? If we have, the demonstration of Monday will, after all, not prove without advantage, as it will teach the dangerous elements the duty of abiding the laws in future. If we have not, it is high time that we altered our present system, and established a government which could protect us.

The rioters of Monday took advantage of the absence of the bulk of our city militia to commit acts which they would not have attempted had the Seventh and Seventy-first been here. But there are still thousands of able-bodied men in the city who can and ought to bear arms in such a cause as this. Let us see how they will turn out. We have several army officers of experience, who understand the scientific rules of street warfare; we shall see the dispositions they will make.

There are just two principles which should govern the conduct of our city authorities. The first is, that the law must be carried out whatever it may cost; for if we give way to the mob there will be an end of law and order in this community, and life and property will henceforth be held at the pleasure of the leaders of the mob. And, secondly, all experience shows that, in dealing with mobs, the most severe methods are the most humane. Mob violence, threatening life and property, and burning orphan asylums, can only be radically cured by grape and canister. All other remedies aggravate and protract the disease.

THE LOUNGER.

THE QUESTION.

The slaveholders in this country having waged a desperate war against the constitutional government of the people for the sole purpose of perpetuating slavery, and having come to grief, it is now proposed by some excellent jesters that the victorious people of the United States shall agree to perpetuate slavery. Having seen a social and political system plunge us by its necessary development into war—having seen the war destroy the system, and the country emerge from the field victorious, these witty persons propose that we give the enemy all that they have been fighting for, and consent to re-establish slavery.

But for what purpose? Why should we do it? That the slaveholders may make no more trouble. But did they not have slavery before, and did they not make trouble? Oh yes, but they were afraid it would be meddled with. And will they be any the less afraid hereafter? And if before they rebelled and showed their true colors, slavery was so meddled with that they tried to destroy us, now that we have seen exactly what slavery is and have repulsed their efforts, are we likely to hold our tongues?

It is not a question of wishing to marry negroes, or having negroes for Presidents and Governors, or liking negroes in the abstract. The question is simply whether the loyal people of this country, after the experience and revelations of this war, and the long, bitter disgrace of our latter subservience to the insolent dictation of slaveholders for the purpose of keeping the peace, are inclined to submit to that subservience and dictation again, after they have subjugated the Dictator. Subservience to slavery could not prevent the war. That is clear. Is subservience to it likely to keep the peace hereafter?

That is the question which offers itself for "settlement." And the jesting gentlemen ought to remember that the people have evidently made up their minds that the war is no jesting matter. They have already answered the question. The Government, which is the Constitutional expression of the popular will, has already emancipated most of the slaves. By the act of the United States those people become not our sons-in-law, nor our bosom friends, nor our rivals in labor, nor voters, but they become citizens of the United States. What State law, then, can enslave them?

REBEL EXULTATION.

The rebels' feeling of their pinched and perilous condition is curiously revealed by the fierce and frantic exultation of their papers upon the supposed "magnificent victory" of Lee at Gettysburg. The wild scream of delight with which they hailed the news was like that of a flock of unclean and starving birds over a lion's carcass. It was the violent outcry of reaction. The fury with which they gloat over the probable desolation of the Free States is the indirect testimony of the disaster and despair which they knew must be at hand if they did not win the battle in Pennsylvania.

Inspired by the glittering delusion of a victory, they shout that Pennsylvania is now to be laid under contribution. Philadelphia is to pay millions for its ransom. Washington, "that foul den of thieves, is expecting the righteous vengeance of Heaven for the hideous crimes that have been done within its walls." Which remarks, considering that Washington has been the head-quarters of the slave-drivers, who are now rebels, for the last thirty years, are a clear case of fouling one's own nest. "Lincoln and his rascal ministers are turning pale." "Cincinnati would, we are assured, burn well....peopled by as God-abandoned sons of Yankees as ever killed a hog." "Ohio has towns to ransom and fertile plains to sweep of flocks and herds."

And as for the prisoners which Lee took at Gettysburg, the forty thousand Yankees, they must not be suffered to eat the food which rebels require. Let the guard that attends them on the march be supplied largely with cartridges and a few light guns, "so that, on the first sign of insubordination, the prisoners may be slain without mercy." And let the Yankee captives bring their own food with them. And let them be encamped in the mountains with batteries commanding them, "and as it is summer weather they will need no shelter." In the same spirit a Southwestern rebel paper asked in the middle of June:

"Why not hang every Dutchman captured? We will hereafter hang, or shoot, or imprison for life all white men taken in command of negroes, and enslave the negroes themselves. This is not too harsh. No human being will assert the contrary. Why, then, should we not hang a Dutchman, who deserves infinitely less of our sympathy than Sambo? The live masses of beer, krout, tobacco, and rotten cheese, which, on two legs and four, on foot and mounted, go prowling through the South, should be used to manure the sandy plains and barren hill-sides of Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia....Whenever a Dutch regiment adorns the limbs of a Southern forest daring cavalry raids into the South shall cease....President Davis need not be specially consulted; and if an accident of this sort should occur to a plundering band like that captured by Forrest, we are not inclined to believe that our President would be greatly disgruntled."

In the midst of all these frantic flourishes arrived the address of Lee to his troops, announcing that they had failed; also the news of the retreat of Bragg; also the fall of Vicksburg; also the Union victory in Arkansas. The whole horizon flamed with disaster. By the ghastly light the rebels have already read the words of the exultant Richmond *Inquirer* in a new and appalling sense: "Peace will come to us only in one way—by the edge of the sword."

GENERAL BUTLER UPON RECONSTRUCTION.

At the late loyal meeting in Concord, New Hampshire, when the Postmaster-General Blair made a very foolish speech, Major-General Butler made a very wise one. It was a concise and conclusive review of the situation; and throughout remarkable for that trenchant common sense which annihilates sophistry and seizes the heart of the matter; a characteristic which made a Louisiana slaveholder and Unionist, who until a few weeks since was never upon free soil, say that if General Butler had been left in command at New Orleans, Louisiana would already have returned to the Union as a Free State—a result which the gentleman considered speedy, inevitable, and desirable. Although a slaveholder and by no means of great faith in the willingness of colored men to work without the lash, it was clear, he said, that if the Union meant to restore itself, the war meant emancipation. And the views of this gentleman are quite as valuable as those of Mr. Cottman and his two friends, who recently asked the President to re-establish slavery in Louisiana.

It is refreshing to hear the earnest expression of the earnest loyalists from rebel States; and General Butler exactly represents them and their views. We extract a few passages from his Concord speech. First, as to "Democracy:"

"If there is a Democrat here—and thousands I doubt not there are—to him I say, I am a Democrat; after the strictest sect of that political religion have I lived a Pharisee. And when we point to the past for a record—I say it here, in this bright sunlight—there is no better Democratic record than mine; and he who claims better, let him show it."

Then as to Slavery:

"And now let me tell you here, as my deliberate judgment, founded on observation and experience, that the question of negro slavery to-day is as much a dead issue of the past as the United States Bank. That thing is ended. Whatever may be the future of this country that thing is ended, and no man except those who go back to pick up that which is behind need trouble himself about that issue."

Finally, as to settlement:

"First, drive out the military power that now holds the States, the five hundred thousand men there. Drive out the leaders; send them to Mexico, if you choose, to make a proportion of Louis Napoleon's army; send them any where; get rid of them. My friends, there are too many to hang; we have a right to hang them, but many things that are right are not expedient. Send them away; get rid of them; extinguish them so far as the land is concerned. It must be so; because we could not live with them in peace when they were friends, and can we live with them as enemies? And when that is done, and loyal men ask to come into the Union to become a portion of this great empire, we can admit them precisely as we have admitted Western Virginia, and as I hope we shall soon do Louisiana. Having got rid of those men who assume to be leaders, we can reconstruct the Union, and, my word for it, my friends, bear with me or against me, as the case may be in the future, in that way only is there to be any reconstruction of the Union. And when the nation is reconstructed, when its laws are extended over all that great territory again; when instead of having our attention diverted and driven now as it is to the question of war, we can bring the whole energy of the public mind and the whole talent of the public statesmen of the country to this question, then will be the time when we can deal with and settle, in the providence of God, to our satisfaction and to His, this great question of what is to be done with the African race. Before that time, in my judgment, it is of little consequence to speculate upon the negro question in any shape. Drive Lee and his myrmidons away from the gates of the capital, and then look after the African. You see I am ending as I began—end the rebellion, and get rid of the suspension of habeas corpus; end the rebellion, and get rid of military arrests; end the rebellion, and get rid of military power; end the rebellion, and become reunited; end the rebellion, and then settle the question of the African. [Applause.] Let me be understood—and I think it *is* best—if it is the best way to use the African for the purpose of getting rid of the rebels, use him. [Applause.] But deal with him not as the end, but as the means; not as a result, but as an instrument in our hands, placed there by God, for the protection of this country in this hour of her peril." [Continued applause.]

GENERAL GRANT.

A friend in St. Louis writes: "Grant is a working man. Years ago he married in St. Louis, resigned his situation in the army, turned farmer, and drove his own team into St. Louis with wood. In his recent march (in May) he was three days on foot, with his rations and baggage, leading his men, not being willing to delay until his horses should come up. Such a man must succeed."

MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.

The admirable London correspondent of Child's Publishers' Circular, in his copious summary of new books, writes of Mrs. Kemble's Journal, just published by the Harpers:

"Last, but not least, is 'Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation in 1838-39,' by Frances Anne Kemble—a book which will do more to damage the cause of the South in this country than any thing that has yet appeared. It is the narrative of a truth-loving, kind-hearted English gentlewoman; and without attempting to paint slavery blacker than it is, such a picture is drawn of misery, degradation, and cruelty, that one shudders to think that beings calling themselves Christian men and women can for a moment misquote their Bibles to uphold such a devilish institution."

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Down to the very day of Lee's defeat the corruption, incompetency, and hopeless imbecility of the Washington authorities were incessantly decried and denounced. Presaging disaster, the Copperheads, who wear a mask of loyalty, took care

in advance to hold Washington intermeddling, stupidity, and treachery responsible. Washington influences had spoiled every thing. They had demoralized the army. They had caused the defeat of M'Clellan on the Peninsula, and of Burnside and Hooker at Fredericksburg. They were the ruin of the cause, and nothing was to be hoped until they were expelled.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought and won. Now if that bugbear, and paralysis, and incarnate blunder, the "Washington authorities," were responsible for all the Virginia campaigns, they are not less responsible for the campaign in Pennsylvania under their very noses. If the disaster is their fault in the one case, the success is their glory in the other. If they are to be the scape-goats of M'Clellan's failure, they must likewise be crowned with Meade's triumph.

The truth is that it is idle to hold any man or influence solely responsible for the event of a campaign. Certainly no battle has been more splendidly fought, and no success is more vital than that fought and won at Gettysburg. It has brought to shame the proverb that the further from Washington the surer the victory. It ought to bring to shame all of us, of any party, who, for want of successes in the field, have fallen to unlimited abuse of the Administration. Is General Meade any less illustrious than General Grant? Does any body believe that either have been seriously thwarted by the authorities? Yet the authorities were abused just as fiercely as ever down to the 4th of July, and we shall always hear that Washington interference defeated us in Virginia. But if it saved us in Pennsylvania, is it worth while to call it such hard names?

REBEL AFFECTATIONS.

IT is said by the Richmond *Despatch* that "Vice-President Stephens" was going to Washington to inform the Government of his country that if the private property of rebels was not respected the rebels would retaliate. Now, considering that "Vice-President Stephens" is a ringleader of rebels who stop, seize, and burn defenseless ships upon the high seas, which, in every code, is pure piracy—and considering that the same rebels have announced their intention to hang without delay the officers of certain national regiments because they don't like the color of the soldiers, it is tolerably cool for them to talk of the retaliation to which they will be forced by our cruelty.

But this assumption of dignity and scrupulous regard for the rights of war is part of the game of the rebels and their Northern Copperhead allies. These gentry, who have outraged all public and private honor, and have plunged their country into civil war for the purpose of securing immunity in their cruel outrage of the simplest human rights, are peculiarly fond of invoking the Divine name, and of endeavoring to give a religious lustre to the tragical crime in which they are engaged. But now and then the pious veneer is worn away for a little while, as when that eminently religious personage, Jefferson Davis, whose dignity and gravity enchant John Bull, forgets that his cue is calm superiority, and raves fiercely about preferring hyenas to Yankees.

When you remember that these men were so firmly persuaded that there could be no higher motive for public or private action than the sheerest selfishness, and that they relied exclusively upon the utmost meanness of human nature for success in a bloody and desolating war, waged for the purpose of hopelessly oppressing the unfortunate, their snivels of piety and affectation of regard for decencies and rights become as ludicrous and contemptible as the object for which they are a cloak is inhuman and loathsome.

COPPERHEAD STATESMANSHIP.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the news of our successes the Copperhead papers of every hue broke into a cry for "magnanimity," and expatiated upon the "noble opportunity" of offering terms and making peace forthwith. Last week the conduct of the war, in their opinion, was imbecile and treacherous, leading only to disunion and anarchy; while the rebels were strong, able, desperate, and following the greatest of generals. Horror, blackness, and death were all that this nation had to expect from the contest. Every disaster was magnified by the amiable Copperheads; every weakness jeered, as Governor Seymour jeered at the Academy the taking of Vicksburg, which, he said, "had been promised us" for the 4th of July. The ruin of public credit, general prostration, desolation by invading armies, conquering marches, as of Cæsar in Gaul, as of Alexander in Persia—these were the pleasing pictures that gushed profusely from the Copperhead pencil.

A battle was fought and won by the loyal soldiers of the country. Presto! Instead of the most forlorn, abject, and conquered of people, we were at once so superior and invincible that conscience and honor compelled us immediately to tell the enemy that he was overwhelmingly subdued, that he could not hope to struggle with us, and that therefore, with sentiments of the most distinguished consideration for the bravery of men who tried to overthrow their government when they thought it utterly unable to resist, and for no cause but to establish a gallant nation of gentlemen who could whip women at their leisure, we begged them to take command of us in future as they had always had it in the past.

This is the logical and natural counsel of the statesmanship of Vallandigham and his friends. The key of their position, in all they say or do, is the status quo ante bellum; the Democratic party of the free States serving the slaveholding oligarchy of the South, doing the bidding and thankfully receiving the cold pieces of their masters. These gentlemen want last year's strawberries. They want the earth before the deluge. They gravely expect an intelligent, honest, and resolved people, whose eyes have been opened to an abyss from which they have barely escaped, to shut their eyes tight again and play that there is nothing there. When those people *do* shut their eyes and open their mouths, Copperhead statesmanship may give them something to make them wise—but not before.

A STATUE BY JOHN BULL.

THE rebel organ in London announces that a statue of Stonewall Jackson, seven feet high, is to be made, by Foley, and presented to Virginia, to be placed in the capitol at Richmond. The Committee who have it in charge is composed of ten "distinguished gentlemen"—five of whom are not unknown to us in this country. Sir James Fergusson is a Scotch baronet who ran through the slave States in the first weeks of the rebellion, and being an extreme British Tory, was delighted to see, as he supposed, that we were undone—a fact upon which he has patiently insisted ever since. Mr. Beresford Hope is also of the most antiquated school of British toryism, which would hail Jackson as a human benefactor, merely because he did what he could to destroy the hope of free popular government. Mr. Gregory is the young Irish gentleman who periodically moves in Parliament for the recognition of the rebels. Mr. Lindsay is largely interested in Southern trade; and Mr. J. Spence—the inevitable Mr. Spence—is the Liverpool commercial agent of the rebels.

These gentlemen are sufficient to indicate the character of the Committee. The object of agitating for the statue is to secure the British interests involved, by prolonging sympathy for the rebellion. Of course it is the sublime character of the great hero which impels them in the advertisement; but, bitter as the grief may be, and profound the admiration, the disconsolate widow still continues the business at the old stand.

We miss, however, one illustrious name from the list. Where is Hartington? He, too, has seen the greatness of the new nation; and he has actually done something to serve it, as none of the others have. He wore the rebel colors in the chief city of the Government the rebels are striving to destroy, and in the very presence of some of the highest military officers of that Government; and although he was called to account by a brave and honorable youth, who burned with the insult offered to his country, he was unrebuked by his host, who warmly reproved the youth for making a fuss in his house. Here was a service of daring and sagacity: first, in wearing a rebel badge within the loyal lines; and, second, in exposing the fact that it could be worn there without rebuke from the person who should have been the first to resent the insult and expel the offender. The excellent Hartington should certainly be honorary chairman of the Committee, and who knows that he might not give another triumph to the rebel cause by securing a subscription from his quondam host?

LITERARY.

"HARPER'S European Guide-Book," by W. Pembroke Fetridge, is an indispensable companion for every American traveling in Europe. It is the only one published in the United States, and the only complete one in a single volume in the language. It is truly valuable not only for its general information, but for its minute directions even to the details of fees, etc., which are always so annoying to the traveler.

"Eastman's White Mountain Guide" (E. C. Eastman, Concord, New Hampshire) is issued this year in a completer form. It is a full and accurate hand-book of the various approaches to the White Mountains from New York, and detailed and picturesque descriptions of the scenery from various hands, with the most ample directions as to routes, tours, excursions, and "sights." It is neatly and conveniently bound in flexible leather.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SPORTSMAN, less expert than extravagant, was seated with his servant on a rock, consoling themselves under the fatigue and disappointment of unsuccessful pursuit. The master says, "Well, Pat, this is expensive work. I've been calculating that every one of those birds cost me about £2." "Faith, your Honor," says Pat, throwing a dash of humor into the sympathizing simplicity of his tone, "I'm sorry for that, but it's lucky there's no more of them."

A modest-looking young lady coming one day into the Rooms at Bath, when Nash was master of the ceremonies, he attempted to confuse and put her to the blush by his effrontery. "Well, miss," said he, "you have just come from school, I suppose, and I dare say you have read your Bible; pray can you tell me what was Tobit's dog's name?" "Nash, Sir," replied she, "and a saucy dog he was."

Friends of the day are like a melon. Why?
Because you may a dozen melons try
Before you can find one that's fit to eat;
And a true friend is just as rare a treat.

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination. "Yes, Sir," said the witness, "and so are women; and if you get any thing out of me, just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt," said the lawyer. "Very well," said the witness; "I shall suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

"I'm afraid you'll forget me, wife, while I'm away," said a brave officer. "Never fear, my dear, the longer you are away in your country's service the better I shall like you."

"They tell me wine gives strength," said Fox, one day; "and yet I, who have just drunk three bottles, can not keep myself on my legs!"

A little girl showed her cousin, about four years old, a star, saying, "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it ain't," said he. "Yes, it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?" replied he.

It is far easier to see small faults than large virtues.

Innocence is no security against temptation; it is exactly what temptation conquers.

ARITHMETIC OF CONSUMPTION.—Two thin shoes make one cold, two colds one attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis one coffin.

There is a good deal of *hop* in a gallon of ale, but there is more *stagger* in a pint of whisky.

A REFLECTION BY A SCHOOL-BOY.—The man who plants a birch-tree near a school-house little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

"Rents are enormous," as the poor fellow said when he looked at his coat.

Many a man's tongue is a two-edged sword—one of the edges cutting his friends and the other himself.

When a ship makes port does the crew get any?

At what point do armies generally enter hostile cities?—At the point of the bayonet.

Why are sailors in a leaky vessel like a dancing-master?—Because they depend on their pumps.

Why is a female who sells her trinkets like a fish-woman?—Because she vends *her-rings*.

Why is an old dog like a shipwrecked mariner?—Because he has *lost his bark*.

"This is dangerous ground," as the fly observed of the treacle.

"Coming," as the rheumatism said to the traveler.

The greatest difficulty that an artist has in drawing crowds is to get them to sit.

Why is an attorney like a clergyman?—Because he studies the law and *profits*.

"If you *beat* me I will call out the soldiers," says the drum.

What tables are most used through the world?—Vegetables.

It is easy enough to tell a hard drinker—his offense is always *brandied* on the end of his nose.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Lose my first, and all fiddling is not worth a straw;
My second gives importance to physic and law:
Not to mention divines; but my whole cares for neither,
Eats fruit, and scares ladies in fine summer weather.
Ear-wig.

Why are ladies like churches?
There is no living without them;
There is many a spire (aspire) to them;
They are objects of adoration;
And they have a loud clapper in their upper story.

What small animal is turned into a large one by being beheaded?
Fox—ox.

By well employing my second,
You will never regret my first.
Past-time.

When is a pointer like a plowshare?
When he is used to part ridges (partridges).

What word of one syllable, if you take two letters from it, remains a word of two syllables?
Plague—ague.

How would a witch's servant announce her carriage?
our brougham (broom) is at the door.

Why are fond mothers like anchors?
Because they are attached to their buoys (boys).

My first is a carriage of war;
In my second great treasures are found;
My whole's used by many a fair,
Though it don't to their credit redound?
Car-mine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RIOTS IN NEW YORK

A FEARFUL riot commenced in this city on the morning of Monday, July 13. At first it was merely a demonstration against the draft, which had been commenced on Saturday in the Ninth District. The drawing of names was here resumed on Monday morning. A crowd, gradually increasing, gathered around the office, but the drawing went on until about 66 additional names had been drawn, when a sudden attack was made by the mob. The wheel was destroyed, the papers scattered, and the building set on fire. The excitement spread through the city; crowds assembled every where, at first with no apparent common object. But in a short time the aim of the leaders in the riot movement appeared to be an indiscriminate attack upon the colored people, and upon those who were supposed to be in any way connected with the draft or with the Republican party. Several buildings were sacked and burned. The *Tribune* office was attacked, and only saved by the vigorous efforts of the police; negroes were hunted down, several were murdered under the most revolting circumstances. The house of the Mayor was sacked, that of the Postmaster burned to the ground; railroad tracks were torn up, and for a while it seemed that the city was under control of the mob. Their most dastardly performance was the destruction of the Colored Orphan Asylum, in which some hundreds of children were provided for. This was sacked, and finally burnt to the ground. The riot raged throughout the whole of Monday and Tuesday. The movement, which was at first one in opposition to the draft, has developed into a scheme of plunder and robbery. As we write on Wednesday noon it appears that the riot is quelled. It is too early to attempt to give the results, or to speak of the conduct of the public authorities. We can only say now that the conduct of the police force appears to have been throughout excellent.

THE ENEMY ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

General Meade telegraphs, July 14, "My cavalry now occupy Falling Waters, having overtaken and captured a brigade of infantry 1500 strong, two guns, two caissons, two battle flags, and a large number of small-arms. The enemy are all across the Potomac."

CAPTURE OF PORT HUDSON.

According to accounts, deemed reliable, this stronghold was surrendered to General Banks on the 5th of July, with 18,000 prisoners.

ATTACK UPON CHARLESTON.

Charleston has been again attacked. The attack commenced on the 10th of July by an assault on Morris Island. General Beauregard reports on that day: At dark on the 10th, the enemy obtained possession of the southern portion of Morris Island. Four Monitors engaged battery Wagner, and the battery at Cummings's Point all day without damage or casualties, but the losses in opposing the landing was severe. Three hundred were killed and wounded, including sixteen officers. The enemy's loss is evidently heavy.

GENERAL LEE'S ACCOUNT OF GETTYSBURG.

THE following general order of General R. E. Lee to the rebel army, issued from Hagerstown on Saturday, was found when General Kilpatrick entered the town on Sunday morning:

GENERAL ORDER—No. 16.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 11, 1863.

After the long and trying marches, endured with the fortitude that has ever characterized the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, you have penetrated to the country of our enemies, and recalled to the defenses of their own soil those who were engaged in the invasion of ours. You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic spirit that has commanded the respect of your enemies, the gratitude of your country, and the admiration of mankind.

Once more you are called upon to meet the enemy from whom you have won on so many fields a name that will never die. Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you, and again do wives and sisters, fathers and mothers, and helpless children, lean for defense on your strong arms and brave hearts. Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth having—the freedom of his country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home. Let each heart grow strong in the remembrance of our glorious past, and in the thought of the inestimable blessings for which we contend; and, invoking the assistance of that benign Power which has so signally blessed our former efforts, let us go forth in confidence to secure the peace and safety of our country. Soldiers, your old enemy is before you. Win from him honor worthy of your right cause, worthy of your comrades dead on so many illustrious fields.

R. E. LEE,
General Commanding.

A CAVALRY FIGHT.

A sharp fight took place on Wednesday morning at five o'clock, near Boonsboro, between the Union cavalry, under Generals Buford and Kilpatrick, and the rebel infantry and cavalry in large force, under Generals Stuart, Hampton, and Jones. Artillery was used on both sides. Our troops fought gallantly, but were forced to retire to Boonsboro inch by inch, which they held to a late hour, and then drove the enemy back three miles.

REBEL PRISONERS RECEIVED.

Up to Friday night eight thousand four hundred rebel prisoners had reached Baltimore from the battle-field of Gettysburg, and one thousand five hundred had been received at Harrisburg, making a total of nine thousand nine hundred.

WHAT WE TOOK AT VICKSBURG.

The papers publish in full the official dispatch of Admiral Porter, recounting the fall of Vicksburg. While admitting that the army under General Grant had the heaviest work to do, he claims a full participation in the victory for the gun-boats. The extent of the siege operations may be gathered from the fact, which he states, that the mortars fired seven thousand mortar shells, and the gun-boats four thousand five hundred. Four thousand five hundred shots were fired from naval guns on shore, and over six thousand were supplied to the different army corps. We have taken over twenty-seven thousand prisoners, besides about four thousand non-combatants, one hundred and two field-pieces, thirty siege guns, fifty thousand stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few stores, and fifty-seven stand of colors. Two thousand five hundred rebels have been killed within the works since the siege began. Among the prisoners are Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major Generals S. Stevenson, Smith, Forney, and Bowen; fourteen Brigadier Generals, and about one hundred and thirty Colonels. There were five thousand six hundred men in the hospital, half of whom are wounded. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and for days numbers had been eating mule flesh. Of ammunition for heavy guns they had a fair supply; but for field-guns and musketry they were short.

RETREAT OF BRAGG.

Dispatches from Tullahoma represent the rebel army of General Bragg retreating across the Tennessee River, completely demoralized and falling to pieces. They burned the splendid bridge at Bridgeport in their retreat toward Chattanooga.

STEPHENS'S PEACE MISSION.

The following is the correspondence relating to the mission of Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Ould at Fortress Monroe:

ADMIRAL LEE'S DISPATCH TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

FORTRESS MONROE, *July* 4, 1863.
UNITED STATES STEAMER "MINNESOTA"—2 P. M.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

The following communication is just received from Mr. Stephens, who is in the flag-of-truce boat anchored above. I shall inform Mr. Stephens that I await your instructions before giving him an answer.

S. H. LEE, Admiral, etc.

THE REBEL APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO PROCEED TO WASHINGTON.

CONFEDERATE STATES STEAMER "TORPEDO,"
IN JAMES RIVER, *July* 4, 1863.

SIR,—As military commissioner, I am the bearer of a communication in writing from Jefferson Davis, Commander-in-Chief of the land and naval forces of the Confederate States, to Abraham Lincoln, Commander-in-Chief of the land and naval forces of the United States. Hon. Robert Ould, Confederate States Agent of Exchange, accompanies me as Secretary, for the purpose of delivering the communication in person, and conferring upon the subject to which it relates. I desire to proceed directly to Washington in the steamer *Torpedo*, commanded by Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, of the Confederate States Navy, no person being on board but the Hon. Mr. Ould, myself, and the boat's officers and crew.

Yours, most respectfully,
ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

To S. H. LEE, Admiral, etc.

THE APPLICATION DENIED.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, *July* 4, 1863.

Acting Rear-Admiral S. H. Lee, Hampton Roads:

The request of Alexander H. Stephens is inadmissible. The customary agents and channels are adequate for all needful military communication and conference between the United States forces and the insurgents.

GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy

MORGAN'S RAID.

The raid of the rebel Morgan into Indiana, which he seems to be pursuing with great boldness, has thoroughly aroused the people of that State and of Ohio to a sense of their danger. On 13th General Burnside declared martial law in Cincinnati, and in Covington and Newport on the Kentucky side. All business is suspended until further orders, and all citizens are required to organize in accordance with the direction of the State and municipal authorities. There is nothing definite as to Morgan's whereabouts; but it is supposed that he will endeavor to move around the city of Cincinnati and cross the river between there and Maysville. The militia is concentrating, in obedience to the order of Governor Tod.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND

RECOGNITION OF THE SOUTH.

MR. ROEBUCK moved his resolution in favor of the recognition of the South on the 30th of June. Lord R. Montagu moved an amendment for continued neutrality. Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, opposed the motion. He favored continued non-intervention, but believed the restoration of the Union impossible. Mr. Bright attacked Mr. Roebuck, and reiterated his former arguments in favor of the North. Sir George Grey, on the part of the Cabinet, condemned Mr. Roebuck's embassy to France.

THE ROEBUCK LIE.

Earl Russell announced in Parliament that Baron Gros had assured him that France had not any intention of proposing measures to England for mediation in the United States.

MORE BRITISH PIRATES.

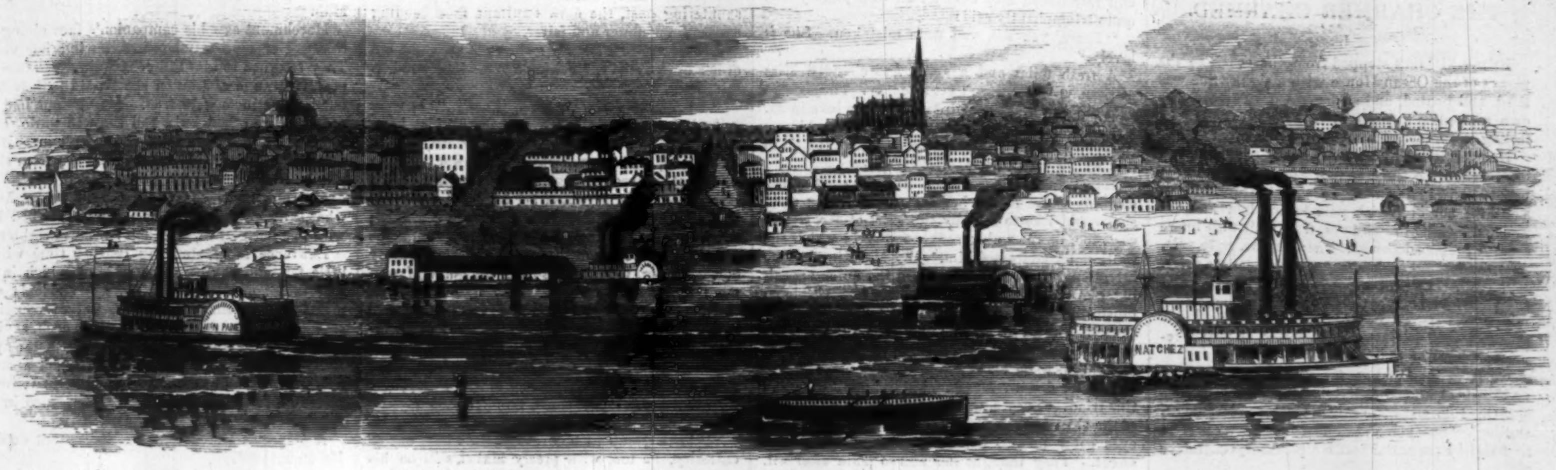
From British sources we have the very important intelligence that three powerful iron rams, destined for the service of the rebels, were nearly ready for launching in English ship-yards.

The steamer *Gibraltar*, lately *Sumter*, would soon leave Liverpool, although detained for the moment by the authorities.

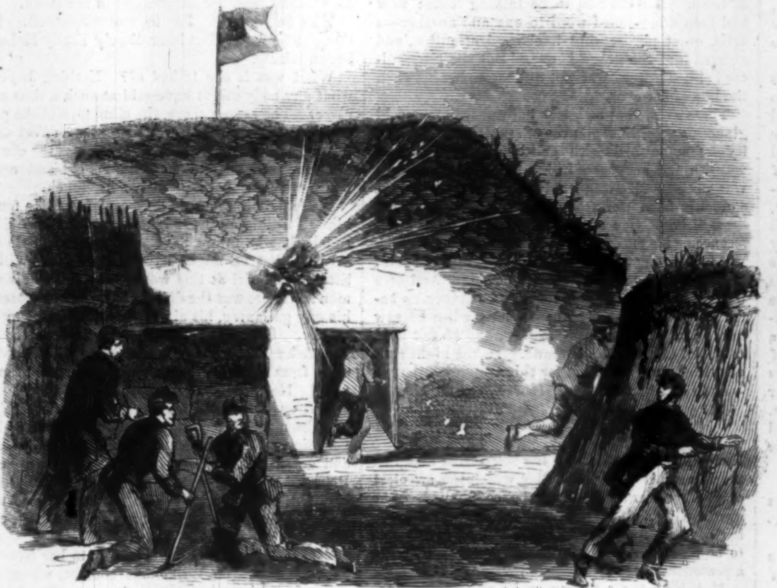
ANGLO-REBEL BANQUET.

A grand banquet to rebels and Anglo-rebel sympathizers was given on board the new steamer *Southerner* at Liverpool. Jeff Davis's health was toasted after that of Queen Victoria.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—VIEW UPON THE EXTREME RIGHT, SHOWING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER ABOVE AND BELOW VICKSBURG.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 478.]



THE CITY OF VICKSBURG BEFORE THE WAR.—[SEE PAGE 478.]



ENTRANCE OF THE MINE UNDER FORT HILL—REBEL HAND GRENADE EXPLODING.

UNDER FORT HILL.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—BLOWING UP THE REBEL FORT HILL.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

THE CHARMER CHARMED.

I.

Emily M'Lean stepped from the coach to the piazza of the Ocean House with a sigh. She was tired, and heated, and so depressed. This was her own reasoning to account to herself for the blue feeling that assailed her.

Her veil lifted by the wind as she passed in, and disclosed to the three or four young men who sat three feet away down the piazza a pale face, neither youthful nor old, with pale brown hair and exhausted-looking brown eyes, from which all lustre seemed to have departed. The lips, too, were pale, just the faintest pink to suggest a sometime color.

"Well, that isn't a very brilliant face, I must say," observed one of the three.

"Not one to—"

"To make a cavalier sigh, swear, or pray," remarked another, indifferently.

"I have seen plainer faces than that," wound up the third, thoughtfully.

"Oh, I dare say!" replied the second speaker, smiling; "but you didn't fall in love with it at first sight I presume?" with a pleasant, conclusive air.

"I did, though."

The two listeners wheeled nearer.

"What, you mean it, Alayne?"

"Yes, I mean it."

"'All for love, and the world well lost,'"

hummed Lawrence King for comment.

"How did you gild the face? Was it real gold-leaf?" sneered Marchmont, knocking ashes out of his meerschaum.

Alayne's honest, sweet eyes looked grave, reproachful.

"What's the use of talking in that style to me, March. I might call it unkind if I chose, for cynical as you are, you know I am not hypocritical or self-deceived. Did you mean to make sport of me?"

Marchmont's sallow cheek tinged with red a moment. A moment more, and he reached over and handed his pipe to Alayne.

"Alayne, you *are* a faithful dog," he said. The only true, unworldly, simple soul I know. You might have lived in Arcadie. I spoke from habit, old fellow, so let us smoke the pipe of peace. We'll not quarrel over the feminine. I like you better than any woman, Robert Alayne. There goes the little Queen Mab, King Lawrence—away with you, and see if you can't finish up last night's flirtation before we have that game of billiards. You were in too much of a hurry yesterday—no eyes or ears for any thing but a hat with a blue feather, and a girl's giggle."

"King Lawrence" rose laughing, lifting his hat to a small sylph in a white morning muslin, wearing on a golden head a hat with a blue feather.

There came a swift smile and a blush into little Queen Mab's face.

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence, have you seen my sister? Have there been any arrivals?" in a breathless way.

Mr. Lawrence looked down with an *epris* air into the upturned face, and answered, all for effect: "There has been an arrival, but I fancy not your sister."

"Oh, but you don't know Em; we are not in the least alike."

Lawrence bit his lip: was this innocence or affectation? "Then why did you ask me, if I am not supposed to know your sister, Miss Mabel?" laughing a little.

"I asked you if there had been any arrivals. I forgot at first you didn't know," pouting in a childish way, which amused her companion still more.

"And I told you there had been one, and that I could not fancy the lady your sister," impressively, watching this girl's face curiously.

"Why, why?" impatiently.

He bent down a little nearer to the girl face and murmured a soft, subtle compliment of comparison, with as reverent an air as if he were approaching a patron saint.

His hearer flushed a tender rose. If Lawrence King had been less overlaid by the false worldly estimates he prided himself upon, he would have known what that blush meant. As it was he did her injustice, as such men will. But a moment again, and she said, "It could not have been Em; Em is lovely."

They walked up and down the piazza, he bending toward her with that air of reverent emotion in which he excelled, and which made his name famous among women as a *preux chevalier*; she listening with downcast eyes and changing color, or replying with a pretty air of mock assurance.

"Look at Lawrence now, will you?" growled Marchmont. "Was there ever such a hypocrite! That girl thinks he is in earnest. So did Miss Eliza Ripley last month; and so did Caroline Smythe last night. Look at him! Why don't that little thing's rightful guardians, if she's got any, come and carry her off? That's the way these people go on—trusting a girl to such noodles as the Windlows!"

"You don't think King in earnest?"

"Alayne, you are a simple sort of a fellow, but you *have* got common sense. You don't believe Lawrence King's airs, do you?"

Alayne laughed. "Well, I do."

But here he stopped. A lady wished to pass out. He had somehow, in his talk, swung his chair from its first limit an angle aside. He barred the doorway. He rose, bowing and begging "your pardon"—not like Lawrence King, who made even "your pardon" sound a grace, but with a modest reality of concern and a half shy manner. The lady—the very one whose pale face just now called out their comment, the new arrival—bent her head for acknowledgment and smiled. Then a voice said, "Thank you!" and she stepped out.

"Em, *it is* you."

And Mabel M'Lean left Lawrence King to run to her sister. Mr. King was for running off too, chagrined at hi blunder; but Mabel called him, and introduced him with an air that plainly and quite triumphantly said:

"There, you see, you were mistaken. She *is* lovely."

A fresh toilet and a smile *had* changed Miss M'Lean. But she wasn't yet a beauty. The strange eyes observing her now did not see any loveliness. "A delicate person," that was all even Alayne thought, who liked plain women well enough to fall in love with them at first sight.

Mabel stood before her holding the skirt of her dress as if she feared her escaping, looking as if she would like to hold by the skirt of Mr. King's coat, too, in the quick nervous way in which she continually addressed him. But Mr. King had no intention of escaping. He liked the quick appealing glance. He liked the beautiful peach-bloom blush. He liked the eager, excited manner, because it was all for him; because he knew that he evoked it just as a skillful player evokes new strains and chords upon his instrument.

Farther down Alayne and Marchmont observed this triad. They saw at first the utter absorption of the elder in the younger. Her face bloomed, her eyes grew bright, her smile came frequent and sweet. They thought her not so plain after all. But presently they saw a change. The bloom and sweetness, the light and life in some unseen moment had died away. Something in their stead, cold and pale as a snow-wreath, had come, and the eyes that just now were tender with expression were chill with *hauteur*.

Whatever it was, the influence was as subtle as the change. King, five minutes since, basked in sunshine, seeing only the brilliant beauty of Mabel M'Lean blooming for his pleasure, observant only of the sister, as a naturally courteous man would be of any woman, and she, the back-ground of his picture. Suddenly he felt uncomfortable, *distrait*. The bright face of Mabel was still bright, still hanging out its most alluring colors. Still she wanted him. What was it then? Suddenly he had forgotten his trick of speech, of smile, his air *dévoué*. A feeling of self-consciousness was stealing over him, a little sense of shame, as if he were making himself ridiculous. He drew himself up and bent again to make adieux when a clear voice addressed him in some social form of commonplace. A voice clear and distant in its tone of reserve as a fine and far steel bell. For the first time he felt the presence of Emily M'Lean.

He stopped, lifted his hat from his head, and looked at her as she went down the piazza beside her sister.

Marchmont, seeing all, laughed in triumph.

"Good!" he muttered. "The sheep-dog has come. She's a match for even you, King Lawrence."

This was not addressed to the young man in question, for he had joined already a cluster of ladies, and was now the centre of their regard.

That night the Windlows, No. 3 or 4, one of the many branches who did *not* stay at the Ocean, but had their cottage down the avenue, gave a small party. The Ocean Windlows and their friends were bidden. Marchmont, King, and Alayne were three of the friends. They went in together, and together were presented to Miss M'Lean.

"I have had the honor of meeting Miss M'Lean before." And Lawrence King smiled, with something defying and audacious in his eye. It leaped forth when he said, directly, "And your sister? I do not see her. I hope she is to be here. We should miss too much without her."

A flush rose to Miss M'Lean's temples. A sense of wounded pride, of invaded dignity, gleamed in her expression. In a second she saw his ground. She saw herself regarded as the "sheep-dog," a duenna to be defied. What was to be *her* ground? She knew she had read this man correctly. She knew what he was doing as well as Wilkie Marchmont; and she knew her sister better than either. But now she let the flush die away, and answered, quietly:

"Mabel is in the garden with her cousin. She will be with us directly."

And directly she came, while King quoted:

"The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late.'"

His face, dark, handsome, and exultant in some strangely defiant way unusual to his accustomed mood, seemed to express still more. He looked as if he *thought*, exultantly:

"She is coming, my dove, my dear." She came straight to her sister, blushing vehemently as she saw her companion, and deeper yet as he bent and murmured, "What did you go into the garden for, to shine out

"'To the flowers and be their sun?'"

And a moment later, Emily M'Lean had the satisfaction of seeing this gallant gay Lothario moving down the room beside her young sister, more *epris* than ever in his manner.

She was sitting alone a while later, and they passed, too closely occupied with each other to notice her observation. Some one else was observant too. Some one who did not know of Miss M'Lean's proximity. And as they passed, King drooping gracefully to the little figure clinging to his side, this some one half sung, half said with deep significance,

"'Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung.'"

Some one else said, "What are you humming that lovely child-song here for?"

"For? For Lawrence King. Don't you think it fits. Look at him."

"Oh, you think that of him? The young lady seems to understand it, however."

"She? She is seventeen. He is thirty. That is his pastime."

They talked of other things, but Emily M'Lean heard no more. Only that line, so significantly applied,

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung,"

haunted her.

She was sitting by some tall tropical plants, and as she fell into thought she drew back behind the leafy covert looking out, and making conclusion, conviction doubly sure, as she still saw those two sauntering past, the dark exultant face bending above the younger and fairer.

At last she rose from her observation, came out of her brown study, speaking unconsciously to herself aloud,

"I have the power, and I will use it."

And there is one thing to be said just here. Emily M'Lean was one of those persons, rare in this world, who knew herself, her power, and her weakness, consequently she never made arrogant estimates. Coming out of her brown study, there was color on her cheek and a sparkle in her eyes; the power she had invoked from some inner depths of that quiet controlled nature breathed subtly out. Half-way across the room the cynic Marchmont met and joined her. They walked through the rooms, or in the softly lighted hall, engaged in never-flagging conversation. They sat down together and Alayne joined them. The talk became more diffusive, but animated. By-and-by, Eastman, the sculptor, formed one of the group, and then that finest talker of all, Landler.

Still walking up and down, Lawrence King regarded this group with curiosity. At last, out of curiosity, he too, with pretty Mabel still on his arm, drew into the circle to find the fascination. Where was it? What was it? He looked at Miss M'Lean. She seemed to be talking little: now and then a low-toned word to one and another—a brief, quiet phrase—but it claimed attention, and entered into the general tone. But the fawn-colored silk she wore was not quieter and softer than the hue of her eyes.

These eyes, that so lately had turned stone-cold glances upon him—glances of suspicion and severity—now beamed with gentleness. There was warmth and sweetness in her face, and her aspect was cordial. He wondered if she would change as suddenly from warmth to cold for him. He addressed her. She answered him with kind indifference. He entered into the conversation, which was interesting to him, because it was upon Ruskin, and he admired and believed in Ruskin. And here he met nothing but the soft, kind manner as before. Lawrence King knew a lady when he saw her. He knew he saw one now, and he felt half ashamed of his defiant ground. So the night ended with a new sensation for this young gentleman—a sense of humiliation. It was good for him.

II.

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."

Emily M'Lean woke from her sleep with that line singing in her head—that line which the sweetest of poets never thought to be so applied. She awoke with a shiver and a sigh. She thought of her depression as she arrived. She was not given to be fanciful, but she asked herself if it were not a presentiment.

Mabel, on the contrary, woke up to gayest anticipations. The day was set to music for her. A drive with the Windlows to the glen, with Lawrence King for a *vis-à-vis*, and in the afternoon a seat beside him in his own beach-wagon—the Windlows again making it propriety. She let this brilliant plan out to her sister while she was dressing.

"And in the evening?" coolly asked Emily.

"Oh, the band plays here to-night."

Emily knew the evening would be spent like the day. The charmer at her side, while the band breathed of Mendelssohn, and the soft summer night wooed to the long cool ranges of piazza. She said nothing, however—offered no suspicious advice or opposition; but thought, "I must wait until to-night; then you or I, Lawrence King."

She waited until night. She saw Mabel flutter before the glass for half an hour between the merits of a Tudor hat with a blue feather and a drooping brimmed, with sprays of meadow grass, ere she went out upon her drive. She saw her come back, her eyes like dark fires, her cheeks a rosy flame, and exclaiming enthusiastically and innocently that she had had a splendid day.

All Emily M'Lean could think of was

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."

That night she took as much pains with her toilet as Mabel, though she knew her strength did not lie there. It helped her to express herself, however.

This toilet is worth describing. It was a cool sea-shore night, and she changed her vapory muslin for a silk. The hue was pearl gray, an opaline lustre softening the plain smooth surface. There was a flowering of fine lace at the throat, and through the slashed sleeve it drifted out and bordered the slender wrist. Around her brown head, whose outline was lovely from where the hair waved in a rippling curve from parting to ear, she had wound three times, following the natural line, a fine thread chain of seed pearl. And a pearl held the lace at her throat, large and transparent in its silver socket, another shone softly upon almost as white a finger, and a clustre of them beamed and shook clear rays of light near the wrist border of lace. It was the dress of a lady, and to any thoughtful observer it would at once have suggested the wearer's character. It expressed much in Emily M'Lean, both of mood and temperament.

Mabel was too actual a beauty to be made or marred by what she wore. She offered a striking contrast that night to her sister with her gay colors, her ruffles, and general air of bizarre piquancy which she could well afford.

They went down together, a contrast, but not one to make either lose.

And there, listening to the music already, were the three—Alayne, Marchmont, and King.

Marchmont, who had a cynical way of treating women, either brusquely or disdainfully, anticipated the rest by wheeling a chair for Miss M'Lean and seating himself beside her. There was neither brusquerie nor disdain in his manner, but a grave respect. His friends stared. But he seated himself composedly and began talking to her. He half frowned when Landler came up and brought forth the Ruskin topic again. King, perhaps, was tired of Ruskin, or of the number. It was one of his theories that he could only talk with one; and he proved it by sauntering off with little Queen Mab.

Marchmont saw his companion's face change at this. Her eyes wandered, following her sister. They returned to him full of meaning, of mute appeal. Strange of all men she should look to him, but her instincts were true. Marchmont had the power where others only had the will to do sometimes. He had both now. Her look in that involuntary glance said: "Take me away from these people; let me go to my sister."

He rose, made some remark, she never knew what, and gave her his arm. She thanked him with another glance, and then her face brightened.

Lawrence King, standing beating time with a little fan, and saying soft nothings, which in his tone might mean every thing, was suddenly surprised by a clear, even voice, full of conscious strength, but very sweet, and a little arch, saying,

"Mr. King, if I ask you to give my sister up to Mr. Marchmont, whom I wish to tell her about a friend of ours he has met abroad (Martin Wilman, Mabel), will you give me your attendance in the interval?"

A glance at Marchmont, but it was not needed. He understood.

In three minutes, before King knew what he was about, Mabel was going down the room with Wilkie Marchmont, and her sister stood in her stead.

Was he angry? For he too understood. He thought he was. But immediately Emily M'Lean began taking.

What was it she talked of? Nothing beyond what any body might have said at such a time and place. The season there, the climate, and the people; but with all her words there was a sweet deep core of thought perceptible. There was the charm of interest in what she said, too, old and usual topics enough, but freshened at her touch.

He found himself listening, replying. He found himself feeling a sense of shame, of folly. He dimly felt that he might have been acting a little absurdly; that he might have been playing with a little school-girl as this woman talked. This woman? There was the difference. In her presence his gay gallantry, his air *dévoué*, had lost its availability. It was out of place. He had wasted his time so long upon these exterior things that, thrown aside from them, he felt awkward. Marvel of marvels! He, the elegant, the *preux chevalier!*

But as she talked he found that other self of his, the man without the conscious graces and hypocrisies. Once more in his life he grew simple and outspoken, such as he might, perhaps, be to Robert Alayne on occasions. Then the talk grew brilliant, a little merry. In all she was so natural, yet so self-poised, he followed her lead, natural himself.

Mabel, meanwhile, handed over to her *bête noir* that gruff dragon Wilkie Marchmont, whom she never knew how to meet, and was so desperately afraid of. Mabel, poor child! literally trembled in her small shoes. What had this huge, black-bearded woman-hater, this giant, to tell her of Martin Wilman? She was a little sore at heart, too, a little disappointed. Em had interrupted such a nice conversation. Perhaps Wilkie Marchmont took pity on this tiny Queen Mab, whom he had looked upon half-contemptuously twenty-four hours ago. Perhaps he felt in duty bound to carry out satisfactorily the plan laid before him. However it might be, he astonished Mabel M'Lean by talking in the most energetic way about Martin Wilman, whom he had met in Italy. Told her how he had lived at Rome, about their artist réunions, their campagna strolls, and the little peasant Wilman had painted for her likeness to somebody at home; a picture every body admired, and that a prince wanted to buy, but which Martin wouldn't sell. It was a girl with yellow hair, in place of the Italian's darker locks; but it had her violet eyes, and he called it *Mabelle*, looking significantly at Queen Mab. By this time Mabel was interested, and Marchmont supremely bored. All the time he was thinking:

"Miss M'Lean's mind must be rapid in its deductions to lay this trap and bait it with such an appetizing bit of cheese as Master Wilman, from my three or four sentences about him last night."

Then he raged inwardly over what he had undertaken. Oh, agony of Boredom! when should he be released?

"I found a rational being a while ago," he murmured, under his breath, "and she slips through my fingers for this small doll."

At this climax he abandoned his post to Alayne, whom he hailed as a deliverer, and by-and-by found himself in the vicinity of his "rational being."

But here was a dilemma Lawrence King had no idea of relinquishing. The less so as he saw Marchmont's desire.

To have what Marchmont wanted! It was a position of possession which elated him with surprise and ambition. Perhaps it raised the value of his position too. At all events his spirits rose, and he forgot how he had been placed where he was, forgot Mabel M'Lean, for the time at least, and triumphantly carried the day, or the night, from Marchmont, the cynic and the autocrat.

And Mabel, that night in her chamber as she stood pulling out the little gold combs from her hair, her hand was languid, her face a little wan. Emily noted it, but wisely held her peace.

Presently an attempt at great carelessness, and the child says:

"I thought you and Mr. King would get on nicely together, Em— Don't you like him very much?"

"I don't know him very much," answered Em, with better feigning than her sister. "He is an admirer of yours, however, I plainly see, dear. I hope I shall like him very much if you wish it."

"Oh dear, no," and all the yellow hair was pulled into great snarls about the flushing face, and the little hands were trembling. "Oh dear, no; he is only a friend—like an elder brother, you see. He is older than I, and tells me I remind him of his sister; and that I must consider him as my most devoted brother. It is very nice: makes me feel so much at home with him."

So that was the guise this *preux chevalier* took! These the Platonic theories he urged, to give himself liberty to roam.

"Selfish!" inaudibly ejaculated Miss M'Lean, as she made these conclusions. Sleeping upon it did not alter her opinion, and all the following days proved her conclusions—and her power.

III.

Straight from the dining hall went Lawrence King to the parlor. There with the Windlows and their friends, he found what he sought; and it was not many minutes before he was standing before Mabel M'Lean talking with *empressement*. Then breaking in upon this came her sister, and Lawrence King was satisfied. Apart stood Marchmont, savagely biting the end of his mustache, and looking out of lowering brows at the *preux chevalier*. How many times had just this thing happened? Just when he had commenced a sensible conversation with Miss M'Lean up starts that puppy of a King, and by stratagem wiles her away. It was very true; day after day had 'this thing' happened. What did it mean? Was Lawrence King for once modest of his own attraction, and doubting it, did he resort to stratagem, or was it a little touch of malice to foil the cynic, the sometime autocrat? What did Lawrence King care for so plain a person as Miss M'Lean, when the first beauties of a season were ready to smile at his approach? It must have been the latter of these two propositions, then. And yet how long his malice held! How absorbed he grew as he listened or talked! There was stratagem at least of some sort, and Emily M'Lean herself was the last to see it. But she did see it, though, *at last*. She saw it when she suddenly one day aroused to the fact that Lawrence King was using her sister as a lure; that he was more than content when it proved successful, and transferred her from his side. She had meant to do not quite so much. She had put herself up as a shield. She had set herself as a barrier, conscious of a power that, actively employed, would accomplish her desire. She only desired to *avert*.

How much else had she accomplished? Suddenly brought to suspicion, Miss M'Lean let this wily gentleman alone. That is, when he approached her sister she did not interrupt, she waited, apparently deeply absorbed with the cynic. In vain he "charmed and sung." She came not near him. Once, twice, thrice he tried this. When he found that it was unsuccessful, as that savage Marchmont said, "played out," he came over and disputed the field in open, resolute warfare. This was better than the other. Marchmont himself gave him credit for manly courage. Miss M'Lean, too, saw him in stouter guise.

But Mabel? Yes, the play was played out. The fine theories no longer heeded. No longer needed Lawrence King "a sister."

"Why does Lawrence King follow up Miss M'Lean so persistently?—she isn't a beauty or a belle, like her sister, though Marchmont and his friends do pay her homage," asked an observer of the somebody who had quoted:

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."

"Perhaps because Marchmont and his friends follow her. It would be like Lawrence King to want what other people value."

"The little M'Lean seems to have consoled herself for his neglect."

"Alayne's worth two of him; I don't wonder."

"Alayne never looked at a pretty woman before."

The other laughed.

"No; that is the reason why a pretty woman is pleased with him. She thinks he must see something beyond her beauty, that every body can see."

So they were discussed. Those who discussed them looked to see Lawrence King flag in his new pursuit and turn to another. But no, the days went by. A new face appeared upon the scene; beauty and fortune and fashion all in one. Still he clave to the plainer, with neither fortune nor fashion. At first Lawrence King says to himself: "Why do I like the society of this Miss M'Lean? Is it that she makes me use all my energies of mind—makes me think? Or am I emulous of success where Wilkie Marchmont thinks it worth while to show esteem? What is it? I don't want to flirt with Emily M'Lean. I never think of saying a fine thing to her; but in her presence I am surprised into a higher estimate of my capabilities than I feel with others. Always at my best, is that it? And yet I am a more modest man with her. She does not flatter me with smiles or blushes. What is it?" One day he found out the secret. He carried it with him for days, for weeks, until the autumn came, and the time for the breaking up of all this summer campaigning.

It was a brilliant morning, just at the last of September, and Lawrence King came in from a solitary walk to find a solitary occupant of the piazza. It was Emily M'Lean. She was walking up and down in the sunshine.

He looked at her as she came toward him. Her dress was of the hue of late violets, and she had stuck carelessly in her bosom somebody's morning offering—a bunch of cardinals. "How lovely she is!" he thought. Then it flashed across him the memory of a morning when she had come up that same piazza a stranger, and their comments about her. He understood now what little Queen Mab had meant when she said, "It couldn't have been Em; Em is lovely." There was neither bloom nor regularity of outline, he confessed; but a soft, subtle charm of presence, a grace, of motion, of expression, that you felt was the expression of a royal womanhood. Lawrence King felt it now as he went to meet her. He joined her—not fluent, as usual, but silent, distrait. What was on his mind? In this royal presence did he feel the weight of his misdoing? Did he feel that he had sinned against her and hers? And was he about to make confession?

He made confession, but not for absolution. He confessed, not of penitence, but of passion. He loved her. She was the only woman in the world to him. And telling her so, he asked her to marry him.

Remembering little Queen Mab, you think that now was Emily M'Lean's hour of just retribution; that she turned upon him with scorn and withering reproach; that her eyes flashed, that her cheek flamed, and that she asked him "how he dared?" etc. No; this was not Emily M'Lean's way. She must have had some deeper test of nature than most persons—some well-spring of tenderness for every human being.

She waited before she replied, looking out toward the sea, with her somewhat sad face growing sadder as she pondered. At length she said, gravely,

"I have been waiting for words that will most kindly express what I wish to say—"

"No, no!" he interrupted, vehemently, putting away, as it were, the rejection he anticipated, with a gesture of his hand.

"I am sorry," she went on, "to give any one so much pain. I had not looked for this end, you may be sure; but I can not marry you, Mr. King."

He caught eagerly at these last words. She had not said, "I do not love you." Perhaps—and with ardor he urged his suit. He would wait. And as a special claim he said:

"I have never loved a woman before, Miss M'Lean."

She looked at him a moment before she replied:

"I should know that. To have loved makes us tender of others, fearful of inflicting suffering. I knew it when you amused yourself with my little sister, Mr. King."

His face changed. "Ah, you will judge me hardly there, but consider. I met your sister as the young beauty of the season. She received my attentions, my society in the manner of all young belles. She was arch, gay, and piquante—some might have said coquettish. I think we understood each other."

"Mr. King, my sister is seventeen. You can judge how much chance she has had for judging the world, and to understand men of society like yourself. Last year she left school. In six months she finds herself in the midst of fine people, who, instead of speaking to her with the serene simplicity of a conventual *Pensionnaire*, meet her with subtle compliment of word and manner. Her own manner, which you suggest as coquettish, is perfectly unlearned—the mere natural result of a young and imaginative mind. You are mistaken if you suppose she understood you, Mr. King. I will tell you frankly—because I think it is better for her dignity and for your experience to know—that when my sister blushed at your name when alone with me, it was not for vanity. It is a grave and solemn thing to stir the conscious depths of a young girl's heart; for though she may outwardly accept any version of Platonism which those older and wiser in the world's ways may suggest, it is only outwardly. The sensibility of her own nature contradicts such theories."

A vivid color suffused her listener's face as she spoke. He remembered himself in this suggestion. How meanly at this moment of real feeling did his own past conduct appear! In this clear and noble presence how wasted seemed his former days!

"At least," he said, after a short pause, "I have not permanently disturbed your sister's heart. Alayne—"

"Mr. King, you have taught Mabel her first lesson of unbelief. She has learned from you the meaning of 'trifling.' It was a shock which might have proved fatal to her nature, making her the heartless, unbelieving coquette which you prematurely presumed her to be; but in the reaction Mr. Alayne's simple truth of character convinced her that her ideal was not altogether illusive. I am happy to say, Mr. King, that she accepted Robert Alayne last night. I am sure you will be glad to know this."

"I am sincerely glad. I hope you will believe me to this extent. But—but if you would but allow me to convince you too that my life may not be so far apart from yours: that I may at some time—"

"Pardon me, Mr. King, for what I am going to say; but love does not grow by waiting between two such lives as yours and mine. You are thirty; I am twenty-six. Since I was twenty life has been to me costly and sacred. To you—forgive me if I seem harsh—it has been a play, an amusement, which often palled upon you. You have lived exteriorly, I interiorly. Do not think I arrogate any thing to myself; but we are unfit for each other. You have it in your power to do much that is fine and splendid; but your place is in the world—mine is not."

"And you will not—"

"I can not." She held out her hand. "Will you forgive me for what I have said! Trust me that I did not say it easily or unkindly."

He took the hand, held it a moment, then said, in a low voice,

"I am glad to have known you, Emily M'Lean. I shall never forget you."

He never did. His place was in the world, as she had said. He was always where life ran in fashionable circles; but no one ever quoted for him after this,

"Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and sung."

The charmer was charmed into finer charming.

He never forgot her nor the lesson that she taught him. And Marchmont, too—Marchmont, the cynic and the autocrat.

In early life he had learned the lesson of distrust that came so near poisoning the life of little Queen Mab. He learned it from a woman; therefore he hated women; therefore he earned the title of cynic and autocrat. Emily M'Lean revealed to him his long mistake; proved to him

"How divine a thing a woman can be made."

And when he said, "I love you, Emily M'Lean," she who had so subtly perceived the character of another recognized as well the real goodness that lay beneath the rough mask of cynicism.

"And Marchmont wins," says the shrewd observer, who has watched the summer's campaign.

And Marchmont wins.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"First waltz? let me see; with much pleasure!"
  She handed her fan to her aunt;
How we whirl'd to the deux-temps' swift measure,
  I fain would describe; but I can't.

An oarsman would say that we "spurted;"
  A sportsman, we "went like a bird;"
I shall merely remark that we flirted
  In a manner extremely absurd.

And when all my twirling was over,
  And I and my pipe were alone,
My heart, I began to discover,
  Had ceased to be wholly my own.

As Paddy would say, "More by token,"
  Our hearts must be made of tough clay,
For mine's been a hundred times broken,
  And here it is beating to-day!

And now I sit here in my attic,
  Alone, with a cold in my head,
And think, although somewhat rheumatic,
  Of dancing in days that are dead.

A waltz, and but one! 'twas but little
  To live in my mem'ry so long;
But, at twenty, one's heart is as brittle
  As one's love of sensation is strong.

I pick'd up a flow'ret which, drooping,
  Had fall'n from the wreath it had graced;
At present, just fancy me stooping—
  I'm over four feet round the waist!

The programme which held her sweet surname,
  I gazed on with tenderest looks;
Just now, I am certain that her name
  Would move me far less than my cook's.

It comes to us all, that sad season,
  When a man has his waistcoats made wide,
And his wife ceases strumming the keys on,
  And carries her keys by her side;

When we will go to sleep after dinner,
  And perhaps at odd times in the day;
When the hair on our head's getting thinner,
  And our beard and our whiskers get gray;

When we can't hold our horse with a snaffle;
  When our waltzing's no longer our *forte*;
These sad recollections I'll baffle
  With a bumper of crusted old Port.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

On pages 472 and 473 we publish two fine illustrations of the Battle of Gettysburg from drawings by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. The best description of the battle which we have seen is the following from the Philadelphia *Age*, and we do not think our readers will be sorry to have it in full, long as it is:

On Wednesday morning, July 1, General Reynolds, with twenty-five thousand men, the advance of the Federal Army, approached Gettysburg from the southeast and began the great battle. The field upon which it was fought was a peculiar one. The South Mountain, a long ridge several miles west of Gettysburg, is the great landmark, and the most prominent spot near the town is the hill upon which stood the unfortunate but famous cemetery. Gettysburg is situated in a valley. Two ridges, a mile apart, parallel to each other, are on each side of the valley. It and the ridges are all curves, the concavity being toward the east. It was upon these ridges that the battle was fought, the combatants advancing and retreating through the town, and across the valley above and below it. There is but one stream of water on the field—a narrow, swampy one, a mile south of Gettysburg, which runs zigzag down the valley toward the Monocacy. The lines of battle formed by the two armies were upon these ridges, and resembled two horseshoes, one inside of the other.

The best view of the field is had from the top of the Cemetery Hill. It is a short distance south of the town. In front there is a rather steep declivity to the valley, then a gentle ascent covered with low, scrubby timber and pieces of rock, to the Seminary Hill, a mile distant. Here was the Confederate line. As the gazer stood amidst the broken tombstones he could see the entire field. The valley, the debatable ground, stretched around from right to left, almost a semicircle. He could look over the tree-tops and little patches of wood, and passing his eye up the hill on the other side, could see the seminary toward the northwest. Further to the right is the Gettysburg College, also on the Seminary Hill.

Beginning at the left hand, the Confederate line rested on the little stream, then ascended the hill and ran along a stone fence, which had been made into a rifle-pit. As it approached Gettysburg it curved around, crossing the Chambersburg and Emmettsburg road and the road to Carlisle, and passed the seminary and college, between which it crossed a serpentine railway leading to the town, called the "Tape-worm." The ridge continued the entire length, its front, except in a few cleared spots, being covered with timber. The line must have extended at least eight miles.

The ridge occupied by the Federal troops was half inclosed by the other. It was an inner circle, and was made up of much higher and bolder hills than the outer one. The Federal left rested also on the little stream, and ran along a rocky ravine, then ascended the Cemetery Hill, and so on in a semicircle over one round-topped wooded hill after another until it was lost on the right in the mazes of a thick forest. Meade's line was about five miles in length, and in the battle, besides the higher ground, he had all the advantages of interior lines, and also was in a friendly country. His head-quarters were on a wooded knoll a mile east of the cemetery.

Away off behind the Confederate line, and curving around in a larger circle still, was the South Mountain.

In all the contests, excepting the opening one, the enemy attacked. On Wednesday morning General Reynolds, with the Federal advance, approached the town from the southeast, the enemy evacuating it on his arrival. He passed through and out on the west side toward Chambersburg. He marched several miles, was met by the enemy in stronger force, and after a slight contest was compelled to retire. The enemy pushed him very hard, and he came into the town on a run, his troops going along every available road, and rushing out on the east side, closely followed by the enemy. One of his brigades came along the "Tape-worm" with a Confederate brigade on each side of it. All three were abreast, running as hard as they could—the two outside ones pouring a heavy fire into the centre, out of which men dropped, killed or wounded, at almost every footstep. This Federal brigade, in running that terrible gauntlet, lost half of its men. General Reynolds was killed, and Gettysburg was lost; but the Federal troops succeeded in mounting the Cemetery Hill, and the enemy ceased pursuing. At night the enemy encamped in the town, and the Federal troops on the hill.

During Wednesday night and Thursday morning the two armies were concentrating on the two ridges, which were to be the next day's line of battle, and by noon on Thursday each general had a force of 80,000 men at his disposal. Then began the great artillery contest, the infantry on both sides crouching behind fences and trees and in rifle-pits. The Federal soldiers in the cemetery laid many of the tombstones on the ground to prevent injury, so that many escaped. There was but little infantry fighting on Thursday, and neither party made much impression upon the other. The Confederates in the other town erected barricades, and had their sharp-shooters posted in every available spot, picking off Federal soldiers on the hills to the north of the cemetery. The cannonade was fierce and incessant, and shells from both sides flew over and into the devoted town. Beyond killing and wounding, breaking trees and shattering houses, and making an awful noise, however, this cannonade had but little effect on the result of the battle. Both sides fought with great ferocity, and neither could drive the other out of position.

On Thursday night, fearing that the enemy had flank parties which might turn his rear, General Meade had serious intentions of retreating, and he called a council of war. The advice of some of his generals, however, and the capture of the courier with dispatches from Richmond, from which it was learned that the enemy could receive no reinforcements, made him decide to remain.

On Friday morning General Lee did not desire to make the attack. He saw the superiority of the Federal position, and wished to entice them out of it, and down into the valley. With this design he withdrew all of his sharp-shooters and infantry from Gettysburg. The deserted town lay there a very tempting bait, but General Meade's men hid quietly behind the fences and trees, and banks upon the hills. They could look down into the streets and see every thing which was in progress. They saw the enemy march out and retire to the seminary, but made no advance, and the Confederates gained nothing by the movement. A parting salute of musketry, however, from a knoll north of the cemetery, accelerated the Confederate retreat. For some time the town had scarcely a soldier in it. Scores of dead and wounded men and horses, with broken wagons, bricks, stones, timber, torn clothing, and abandoned accoutrements, lay there. The frightened inhabitants peered out of their windows to see what the armies were doing to cause such a lull, and, almost afraid of their own shadows, they hastened away and crouched in corners and cellars at the sound of every shot or shell.

General Lee's evacuation had no effect. Meade was neither to be enticed into the town nor into the valley. Enough dead bodies lay in the fields and streets to give him warning of what happened to poor Reynolds two days before, and he wisely determined to stay where he was and let events shape themselves. The enemy soon became impatient. They could wait no longer; and after much solicitation from his subordinates, General Lee permitted General Longstreet to send his grand division on a charge upon the cemetery. The Federal soldiers were on the alert. They were hid behind their embankments, some kneeling, and some flat on the ground. The Confederate artillery opened. It was as fierce a cannonade as the one the day before, but instead of being spread all over the line, every shell was thrown at the cemetery. Experienced soldiers soon divined what was coming, and in every portion of the Federal line the cannon were directed toward the valley in front of the cemetery. All were ready. Amidst the furious fire from the Confederate cannon scarcely a Federal shot was heard. The artillerists, implements in hand, crouched in the little ditches dug behind their cannon. With arms loaded, the infantry awaited the charge.

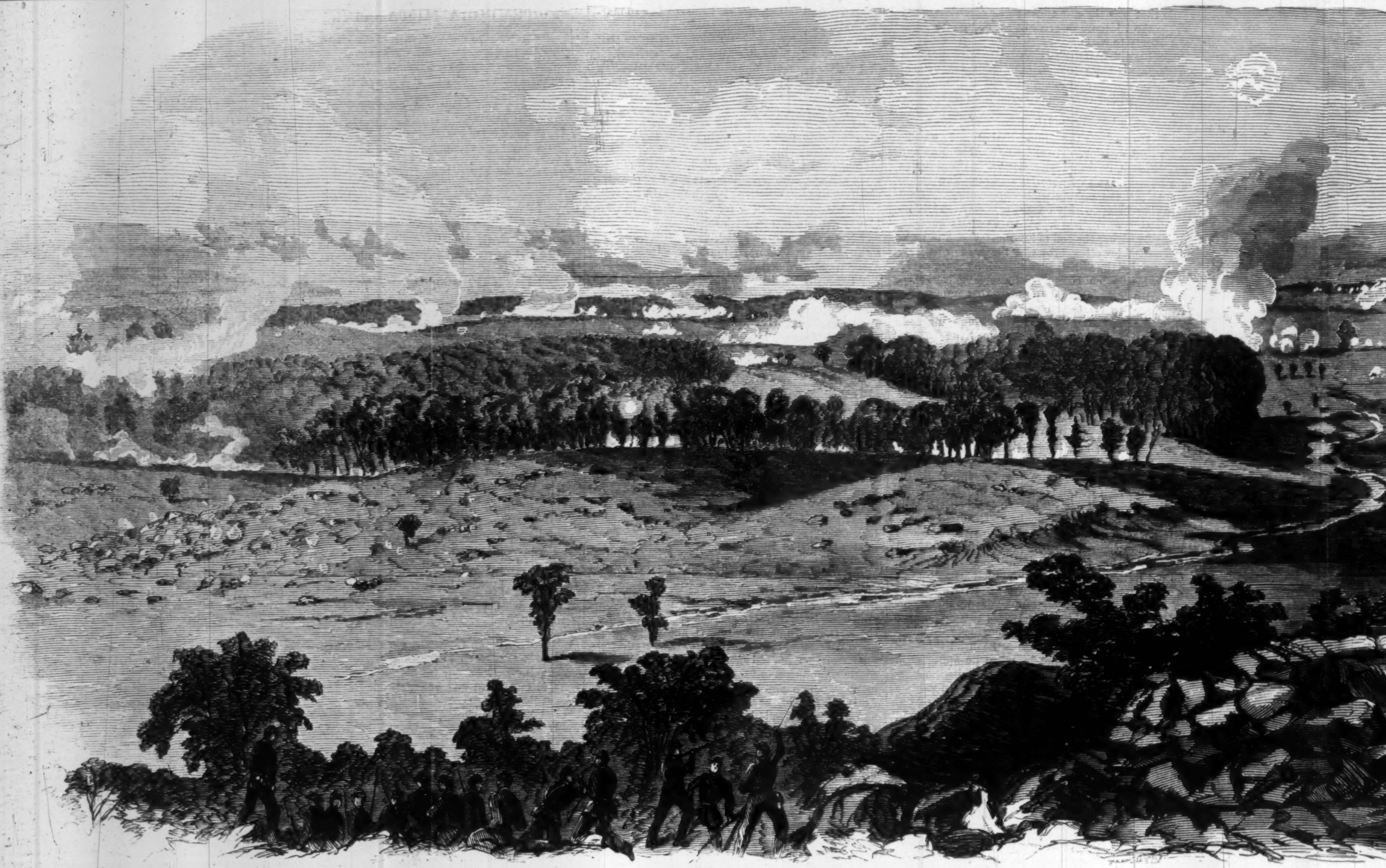
It soon came. From the woods of short, scrubby timber and the rocks near the seminary there rose a yell. It was a long, loud, unremitting, hideous screech from thousands of voices. At the yell the Federal cannon opened. Soon the enemy's columns emerged from the woods. They came on a rush down the hill, waving their arms and still screeching. They climbed the fences and rushed along, each one bent upon getting first into the cemetery. The cannon roared, and grape and canister and spherical case fell thick among them. Still they rushed onward, hundreds falling out of the line. They came within musket-shot of the Federal troops. Then the small-arms began to rattle. The Confederates approached the outer line of works. They were laboring up the hill. As they mounted the low bank in front of the rifle-pits, the Federal soldiers retreated out of the ditch behind, turning and firing as they went along. It was a hand-to-hand conflict. Every man fought by himself and for himself. Myriads of the enemy pushed forward down the hill, across into the works, and up to the cemetery. All were shouting, and screaming, and swearing, clashing their arms and firing their pieces. The enemy's shells flew over the field upon the Federal artillerists on the hills above. These, almost disregarding the storm which raged around them, directed all their fire upon the surging columns of the enemy's charge. Every available cannon on the Cemetery Hill, and to the right and left, threw its shells and shot in the valley. The fight was terrible; but despite every effort the enemy pushed up the hill and across the second line of works. The fire became hotter. The fight swayed back and forth. One moment the enemy would be at the railings of the cemetery; then a rush from the Federal side would drive them down into the valley. Then, with one of their horrid screeches, they would fiercely run up the hill again into the cemetery, and have a fierce battle among the tombstones. It was the hardest fight of the day, and hundreds were slain there. Reckless daring, however, will not always succeed. Several attempts were made to take the place, but they were not successful; and late in the afternoon, leaving dead and wounded behind them, the enemy's forces slowly retreated upon their own hill and into their woods again.

They were not routed. They can scarcely be said to have been driven. They have made an attack and been repulsed, and after renewed attempts, feeling that it was useless to try any more, they retreated. It was now General Meade's turn to make an attack. Though they had lost heavily, his soldiers felt elated. They saw hopes of a victory, and were ready to do almost any thing to secure it. Although there had been a battle in the valley below Gettysburg, yet the town was as quiet and as much deserted as ever. Shells flew over it, and now and then one of its houses would have a wall cracked or a roof broken, but neither force possessed it. General Meade turned his attention there.

The day was waning and the battle had lulled, and he determined, if possible, to drive the enemy out of the seminary. His troops were placed in order, and charged down the hill and into the town. They ran along every street, chasing a few of the enemy, still hid there, before them. They came out upon the west side, along the "Tape-worm," and the Emmettsburg and Chambersburg roads, and ascended the enemy's hills amidst a storm of grape and shell. At the seminary the Confederates were not very strong. They had weakened that portion of the line to make their attack further to the south upon the cemetery. They had but few cannon; and though they resisted some time, they finally retreated from the edge of the hill and abandoned the seminary.

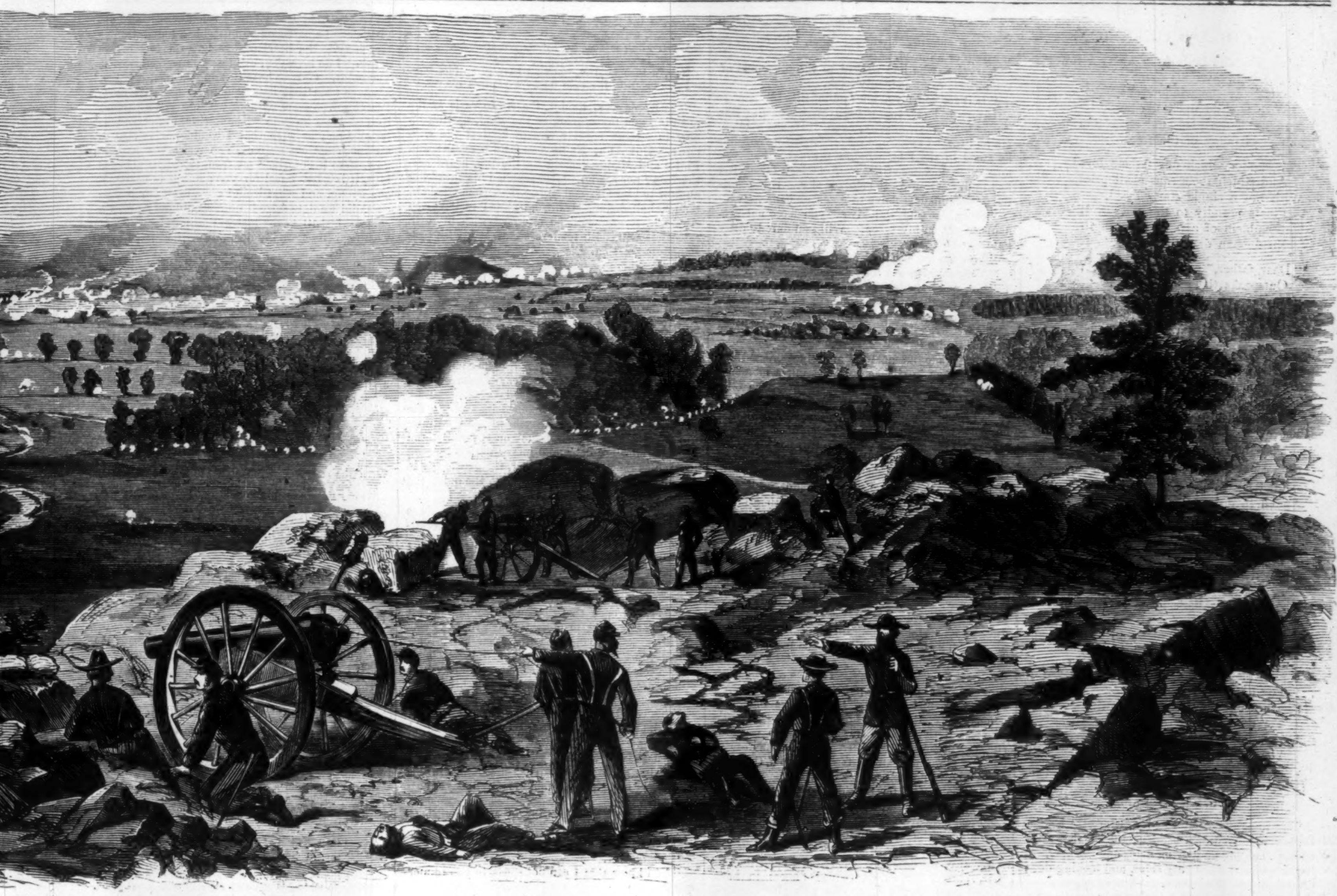
The Federal troops did not chase them. The land back of the seminary was rather flat and cut up into grain fields, with here and there a patch of woods. The rifle-pits on the brow of the hill proved an effectual aid to the Federal soldiers in maintaining their ground; and as they lay behind the bank, with the ditch in front, they could pick off the stragglers from the retreating enemy. There was but little serious fighting after that, and night put an end to Friday's struggle, the Confederates having retired about a mile on the north, near the seminary, and half a mile on the south, at a little stream.

During the night the dead in the streets of Gettysburg were buried, and the wounded on all parts of the field were collected and carried to the rear. On the next morning General Meade expected another attack; but, instead of making it, the enemy retreated further, abandoning their entire line of battle, and the pickets reported that they were intrenching at the foot of South Mountain. The Federal army was terribly crippled and sadly in want of rest, and no advance was made, although pickets were thrown out across the enemy's old line of battle, and toward the place where they were building intrenchments. All the day was spent in feeding and resting the men. Gettysburg was turned into a vast hospital, and impromptu ones were made at a dozen places on the field. The rain came, too, and with it cool air and refreshment both from wind and rain. No one could tell what the enemy were doing; every picket reported that they were intrenching, and the night of the 4th of July closed upon the field with it in the Federal possession.

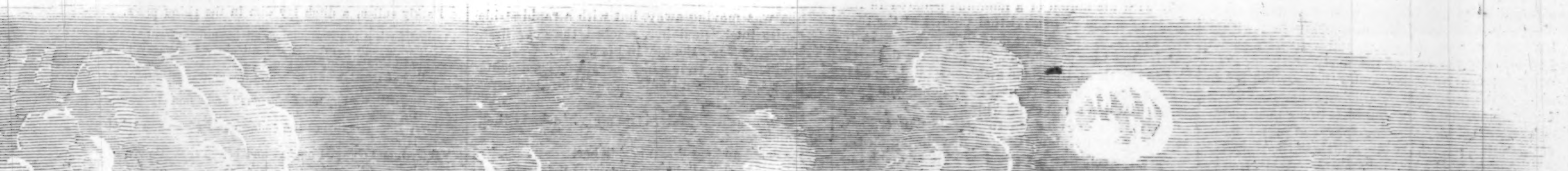


THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—HILL ON THE LEFT OF THE UNION POSITION—HAZ

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—UNION POSITION NEAR THE CENTRE—GETTYSBURG IN THE



HAZLITT'S BATTERY IN ACTION.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 471.]



THE DISTANCE—CEMETERY ON THE HILL.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 471.]

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Loud ring the bells from many a tower;
  The year is eighty-three;
A father by the window sits
  With a child upon his knee,
And hears the gladsome notes proclaim
  The birthday of the free.

The banner which our fathers loved,
  And which their sons shall prize,
With not a single star effaced,
  Floats proudly to the skies—
The emblem of a nation's strength
  No foeman dare despise.

"Dear father," now with earnest voice
  Outspeaks the eager son,
"My teacher told me yesterday
  What glorious deeds were done
In the war that burst upon the land
  In eighteen sixty-one.

"She told me with what patient hearts
  Our noble soldiers bore
The toilsome march, the frugal fare,
  The hardships of the war;
The greatest—so my teacher says—
  That History ever saw.

"I wish I had been living then,
  I'd be a soldier too,
And help defend the noble flag
  From all the rebel crew:
I'd be *ashamed* to stay behind;
  Dear father, wouldn't you?"

Upon the listening father's face
  A painful flush there came;
The patriot-soldier's meed of praise
  He could in nowise claim,
And the question of his little son
  Smote him with sudden shame.

Young men, your country calls to-day
  For loyal men and true;
She has enough of earnest work
  For earnest men to do.
Give heed, lest in the coming days
  Your children blush for you.

GERVAISE.

The roses and honey-suckles, twined thick about the porch, stirred on a sudden; the rugged, wooded hills, holding up waving fields and thick, crowding trees on their mighty sides, and looking down on the cottage like solemn yet kindly guardian angels, began to dim and veil themselves with mist; and the breeze, coming freshly up from the water, filled out the long muslin curtains, and swept through halls and piazzas with a pleasant murmur. At that Aunt Helen, napping just within the window, rose, shivering, and went for a shawl and tea, but the rest of the party abode as they were; the girls, Madge and Ethel, on the lower steps of the piazza, Madge holding her book even closer than usual in the dim light to her near-sighted eyes, Ethel idly twisting sprays of pink honey-suckle into a wreath; while a little to the right sat Phil smoking, and Dr. Toussaint— Well, speaking after the manner of men, there had been utter silence for the last ten minutes; but if we observe the spirit rather than the letter of the facts, then all that time Gervaise Toussaint had been saying something to Ethel over and over again.

A something like the honey-suckle breath, subtle, sweet, felt rather than understood; part, as it seemed, of the restless odorous night, of the scarlet flaming sky, of the plash and ripple on the beach, of the song of the bird swaying on the drooping boughs of yonder Norway spruce, yet distinct from them all, asserting itself as a thought, not an emotion, and forcing her into sudden question and doubt of herself: for if honor, and truth, and right were any thing, then Gervaise Toussaint should have had as much share in such thinking and questioning as the column against which she leaned, no more.

The wreath dropped from her nerveless fingers, and the gale, catching a spray of honey-suckle from her lap, drove it full against Gervaise's broad breast.

"Fate, or rather its emblem," he said, seizing it, and pressing it to his lips.

"Use some other word," returned Madge, without looking up from her book. "Fate is the excuse of a coward, the shield of crime or weakness."

Ethel's pale cheek flamed at once, but Gervaise answered, coolly,

"Truth serves cowards and bad men often."

"Truth!" Madge laid down her book, and prepared for combat.

"A truth, call it what you will: a law, circumstances, force of character—it exists under any and all of these names. Why, in this very thing that you call love? Given in two persons certain conditions of temperament, education, habit of thought, attraction, and let the rest be as it will. So surely as they meet they are drawn together—find their chief good in each other; and before this mysterious sympathy, this all-potent attraction, the things you call laws and duties, if they chance to be opposing, are brushed away like cobwebs. I style this Fate. The individuals are irresponsible. The cause prophesies of the effect as surely as this bud of the flower."

"The convenient creed of a man who has found the weakness of human will, and discovered nothing stronger or higher," retorted Madge, coldly.

Philip threw away his cigar, roused himself from a state of semi-doze, and assumed the air oratorical.

"Philosophers! philosophe esses (out on the gallantry of a language that forces me to coin the word)! As you are discussing cause and effect, remember that colds and coughs are apt to be the effects of a damp night breeze, and come in."

"[illegible]," said Madge. "Come, Etta."

"In a moment," answered Ethel, with effort, as if asleep or numbed.

Gervaise, who had walked to the other end of the piazza, came suddenly back.

"It is too cool; you *must* go in, Ethel."

Before it had always been Miss Mason. She remembered that, angrily, even while she obeyed. He had turned away again as if forgetting her, but he stood in the long window through which she must pass, looking at the wall of black cloud that had built itself up in the stormy sky. Ethel hesitated, then made a move to go around the house.

"Stop," he said, quickly; "you have not pronounced yet on my creed. Will you dare to deny Fate also?"

"You are too mystical for my comprehension."

"Your evasion is a tacit acknowledgment."

"No, no!" she cried, hastily, trying to withdraw the hand that he had seized; but he held the slender fingers fast, saying, with a smile,

"Why struggle? soft flesh against iron sinew can but bruise itself."

Ethel made no answer, and they crossed the drawing-room in silence. It was but a moment; but she took no measurement of time—she only knew that the strong arm held her fast, that in some forceless way he was making her feel what he had dared to think, and that she had found in herself no indignation—scarcely surprise! Worse than that, he had read her only too clearly, and that from henceforth she must cast aside her mask of unconsciousness, and must act and speak with intelligence of his meaning; and with all this hinted, not thought out in her brain, she came from the darkness into the light and warmth of the supper-room, where people were chatting over their tea as if the world was going on very much as usual—as if a demon had not trailed itself at her shoulder, and turned her wild and ghastly with its whispering.

Had she heard such whispering? Or was it a dream? a hateful remembrancer of some unhealthy novel? The honest fire-light made it monstrous; the home air knew of no such noxious growth. Gervaise was calm enough. He was talking with Philip now, resting his powerful hand lightly on Phil's womanish fingers. Such things had been done. Lily Harleigh broke Frank Derwent's heart; but that was a tragedy. These were all simple, quiet folk sipping tea out of clear, old-fashioned china, under an old-fashioned roof that had never known dishonor.

Was here stuff for tragedies? Only the other day she was feeding dolls from acorn cups. Could she break a heart?

Madge, seeing her wan looks, came over to her. Madge, Phil's sister, who some day would be her sister also, sat down by her, stroked back the fair hair, patted her cheek, twined fingers in hers, purred about her, in short, after a fashion common to kindly girls. At that Phil sagaciously concluded that something was the matter, and came over with his notion of a feminine panacea in the shape of a cup of tea. Ethel pouted at the tea; but Philip was obstinate and insisted—fed it to her by the tea-spoonful, looking, Madge declared as she left them, like some awkward, blinking owl, with a heart in the right place, doing the good Samaritan to a stray canary-bird.

Gervaise's eyes began to sparkle dangerously at this pretty by-play; the red lips closing on the spoon; the soft face upturned to Phil's worshiping look; the tucking of a handkerchief under her chin; his eyes sought Ethel's face, persistently averted, first anxiously, then imperiously; and presently, though the face never once turned toward him, a faint color began to rise and deepen in her cheeks, the downcast lids quivered, rose slowly, and then, as if by an irresistible impulse, she turned half-way, and for one fleeting moment met Gervaise's glance.

She pushed the cup away hastily.

"I have had enough. I am better."

"See now," answered Philip, the unobservant. "Another proof that my lily only needs my tending. Ethel, why not decide that long mooted question now? Tell me when I shall have you always in my charge. You need such care as only I can give. When shall I have the right?"

He had begun sportively, ended seriously. Ethel drew quick breath. From this question she had always shrunk, not with mere girl's timidity, but a secret reluctance difficult to explain even to herself. But now evil was upon her, danger besetting her; and here was the safe, the honorable, the only way of escape. Philip, Madge, all would rejoice, and she should be happy. With a sigh she murmured something low in Philip's ear.

He turned radiant, joyous, exclaiming, before she could seal his lips with her hand:

"Madge, Aunt Nellie, I invite you to a wedding! Ethel has, in consideration of my patient waiting, given me carte-blanche, and I pronounce that it shall be three weeks from this date. Gervaise, I claim your promise. You are to be groomsman."

"Oh you delightful, lovely child!" This was Madge, rushing at Ethel as if to devour her, but relenting on second thoughts and only kissing her. Gervaise nodded and went on talking with Aunt Helen; but presently amended the nod on this wise:

"I said yes. If I am here, that means. You know we are expecting marching orders."

Ethel's heart stood silent a moment, then bounded as if it would burst from her breast. Her eyes brimmed with tears, deadly shuddering and faintness seized upon her.

Within the arch of the folding doors stood a piano, and Gervaise, sitting down, began to trifle with the keys, and sing half under his breath, as if to himself:

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
  Nay, I have done! You get no more of me:
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
  That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever; cancel all our vows;
  And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen on either of our brows
  That we one jot of former love retain.
Now, at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
  When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies—
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
  And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st yet him recover."

The words were quaint, the strain eerie as the moaning and murmuring of the wind, beating up now in strong, regular sweeps against the windows. But Aunt Nellie was asleep again; and Philip and Madge, jesting by the fire, heard neither song nor storm. Gervaise had his shrinking auditor to himself; and seeing that, from the half-tender, half-defiant strain, he glided to "Aileen Aroon." Every word he informed with his own relentless will, with tenderest entreaty, with passionate persuasion.

For her there was no Philip, no Madge, no promise. Gervaise was going, and with him would go all the savor and sweetness of life. The long days would drag on aimlessly, and she would pray for speedy death, lest she should meet him again and go mad, as she was now. When unable to bear more she stole quietly away. The music seemed to pursue her, up the stairs, into her dark and quiet room—to sound in her ears, spite of door shut fast and head bowed at her bedside.

She tried to pray, and listened instead—to the music, then to talking faintly heard, to the drawing of bolts, and "good-nights" on the stairs, and steps passing her door, and merry fingers tapping thereon as they passed, and last, the gentle stir in the various rooms, dying away into the quiet and hush of a sleeping house.

Then Ethel stole out like a ghost. Let those rest who could, sleep was not for her. It was utterly dark in the halls, but she easily found her way down to the supper-room, so glowing and bright when she left it, so dark and silent now. As she entered a violent gust of wind met and almost drove her back. With singular carelessness she had left open the glass door leading on the piazza. She went to close it, but groping about in the dark her hands touched other hands; not ghostly, but warm and human. And growing a little accustomed to the shadow, she descried a still figure looking out at the angry night.

"Fate again," said Gervaise's voice.

Ethel could hardly repress a shriek.

"I did not think of finding you here," she said, trembling.

"I dare be sworn that, else you would not have come; but perhaps you will acknowledge now that destiny is not yours to mould; fate not yours to guide."

"It is late, I must go to bed," said Ethel, hastily.

"I have something to say to you."

"To-morrow."

"You know that I can not speak to you to-morrow."

"I must go."

"Not till you have heard me."

"I will."

She was moving away, but with a rapid stride Gervaise intercepted her, reached the door first, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"So much for your will," he said. Then going to the table he found the lamp and lighted it, turning the flame low.

"Gervaise, is this fair? is it manly?" asked Ethel, much agitated.

He came and sat down beside her.

"Foolish child," he said, softly, "do you not know that we could never part so? Though it called down the thunders of Heaven, I must say that I love you."

"Gervaise!"

"Oh, I know. You are betrothed. You are to marry Philip. He is a good fellow, and in honor and decency you ought to love him, but you can't. The pale flame that you thought love has gone out altogether in the blaze of new possibilities that have dawned upon you. You have found out what it is to love with heart and brain, and though you may wish to deny the existence of the sun, it will shine on in spite. Act out your moral falsehood if you will; body and soul will revolt, and the revolt will be life-long. Choose whether you will make the misery of three or only one."

Five minutes before Ethel had been nerveless, helpless, but now the very desperation of the crisis roused her to unwonted energy of will, quickness of thought.

"Choose you this day whom you will serve," she murmured, "Jehovah or Baal. Baal's service is pleasant, but the wages are bitter."

"You were saying—"

"That the wages of sin is death."

"A truce to preaching. I am in earnest."

"Gervaise," said Ethel, suddenly, "an experience of this sort would, I should think, enlarge the moral vision; impart to it quite a telescopic clearness. How then, if after accepting the sun you mention, I should discover that after all it was only a fixed star, and that the veritable sun was blazing away in another direction? It seems to me that such discoveries could scarcely fail to be common in the path you propose."

Gervaise regarded her for an instant with a curious mixture of surprise and indignation, then suddenly stretching out his arms:

"Oh, Ethel, love! darling!" he cried. "Come. Oh! I love you with every thought, with every wish, with all my strength, with all my heart and soul!"

Ethel trembled, drew back. He leaned nearer to her, put away her feeble opposing hands, drew her close to his heart.

"You love me also," he whispered, kissing her over and over again.

Ethel answered by tears.

"Dear little tender heart," he murmured, "don't you see that no blame attaches to you? Do you think that I care nothing for Philip my friend, or that, could you have made each other's happiness, I should ever have said what I have to-night?"

"I find no law," returned Ethel, wresting herself from his arms, "bidding us do evil that good may come, and I can hardly see how lasting happiness can be based on so unstable a foundation as treachery. No, hear me," as he eagerly tried to speak, "I do love you, even as you said, Gervaise Toussaint. Only to be with you is a rest, a peace, a joy so keen that it is sometimes half like pain. I have no pleasure without wishing you a partner in it; I have no pain without thinking of you as consolation; no wish that I would not rejoice to sacrifice; not even strength to resist you as I do now, were it not given me from God. If there is love, it is what I feel for you; but it is based on our wrong, and what would have been our happiness, did we dare seize it now, would only prove a curse. I shall never marry Philip. I could not with your kisses on my lips, but neither will I ever be your wife."

And by that declaration she abode. Philip and Gervaise marched to the war together; and only to-day I heard kind Mrs. Grundy discussing that sad flirt, Ethel Mason, who had broken her engagement with Philip to flirt with Gervaise Toussaint. "This last, however," added my charitable friend, "was not to be so caught, but marched gayly off with Philip, leaving her to wear the willow; and, poor thing, she is so cut up about it, she looks wretchedly pale and worn," concluded sapient Mrs. Grundy.

IN HOSPITAL.

With the wearying round of the hours, which tardily ebb away,
  While the pulses flicker low, and life struggles long and hard,
While the phantoms of sombre fears round my restless pillow play,
  I lie in the solemn Chambers of Shadow—the Hospital Ward.

There are ghastly faces around me, and dim and glassy eyes;
  There are painful writhings and groanings, and wrestlings in Death's embrace;
The air that I breathe is burdened with gaspings and choking sighs,
  And the horrors of grim Disease flit ever around the place.

The skies of the southern June hang invisible overhead,
  Through the blind a wayward sunbeam has fallen across the floor;
From the street a hollow murmur comes faintly up to my bed—
  A token, perhaps, of action and life I may know no more.

Let me still my brain for a moment, and think, How happen I here—
  I, who have been a soldier, and long wooed Death for my bride?
Where is my company now—the regiment—is it near?
  Ah! I remember at last—that stinging pain in my side.

Let me recall the scene. 'Twas long ere the break of day
  When the silent column filed through the winding path in the wood,
Seeking the chosen haunt where the sheltered rebel lay,
  Ready to stain his soil and his soul with loyal blood.

Through the sleeping forest, and up the dark ravine,
  Bayonets fixed and gleaming spectrally in the dawn;
Just before us an ominous breast-work—and between,
  Darkly sullen, a ditch lay dim in the rising morn.

Flashed forth a murderous fire, an irregular, deadly line,
  Gleaming and glowering red all along the parapet;
Yet again and again, till the life-blood flows like wine,
  Spilled at Death's own banquet, warm in its crimson jet.

"Charge with the bayonet—*charge!*" and a fiercely vengeful yell
  Burst from our lips as the column rushed on the rebel lair,
Wavered, and charged again—and before those flames of hell
  Reeled to the hopeless shock in mute, heroic despair!

* * * * * * *

O my brothers who lie with me here in the hospital ward,
  Steeling your noble hearts to the agony of your pain,
Ours is the loss and the labor, long, heart-breaking, and hard,
  Yet as God and our country live shall ours be the gain.

O my more than brothers—my lovers, who fell that day,
  Sweetening the bitter cup of defeat with your life's best blood,
Hands invisible reaching down through the glorious fray
  Gave you the amaranthine chaplet of martyrhood!

JAMES F. FITTS,
Captain 114th New York Volunteers.

ST. JAMES'S HOSPITAL, NEW ORLEANS, *June*, 1863.

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES MAXLEY came out of the Bank that morning with nine hundred and four pounds buttoned up tight in the pocket of his leather breeches, a joyful man; and so to his work; and home at one o'clock to dinner.

At 2 P.M. he was thoughtful; uneasy at 3; wretched at 3.30.

He was gardener as well as capitalist: and Mr. Hardie owed him thirty shillings for work.

Such is human nature in general, and Maxley's in particular, that the £900 in pocket seemed small, and the 30*s*. in jeopardy, large.

"I can't afford to go with the creditors," argued Maxley: "dividend on thirty shillings? why, that will be about thirty pence; the change for a hard half crown."

He stuck his spade in the soil and made for his debtor's house. As he came up the street, Dodd shot out of the Bank radiant, and was about to pass him without notice, full of his wife and children: but Maxley stopped him with a right cordial welcome, and told him he had given them all a fright this time.

"What, is it over the town already, that my ship has been wrecked?" And Dodd looked annoyed.

"Wrecked? No; but you have been due this two months, ye know. Wrecked? Why captain, you haven't ever been wrecked?" And he looked him all over as if he expected to see "WRECKED" branded on him by the elements.

"Ay, James, wrecked on the French coast, and lost my chronometer, and a tip-top sextant.

But what of that? I saved *It*. I have just landed It in the Bank. Good-by: I must sheer off; I long to be home."

"Stay a bit, captain," said Maxley: "I am not quiet easy in my mind; I saw you come out of Hardie's; I thought in course you had been in to draa: but you says different. Now what was it you did leave behind you at that there shop, if *you* please: not money?"

"Not money? Only fourteen thousand pounds. How the man stares! Why it's not mine, James; it's my children's: there, good-by;" and he was actually off this time. But Maxley stretched his long limbs, and caught him in two strides, and griped his shoulder without ceremony: "Be you mad?" said he, sternly.

"No, but I begin to think you are."

"That is to be seen," said Maxley, gravely. "Before I lets you go, you must tell me whether you be jesting, or whether you have really been so simple as to drop fourteen—thousand—pounds at Hardie's?" No judge upon the bench, nor bishop in his stall, could be more impressive than this gardener was, when he subdued the vast volume of his voice to a low grave utterance of this sort.

Dodd began to be uneasy: "Why, good Heavens, there is nothing wrong with the old Barkington Bank?"

"Nothing wrong?" roared Maxley: then whispered: "Holt! I was laad once for slander, and cost me thirty pounds: nearly killed my missus it did."

"Man!" cried Dodd, "for my children's sake tell me if you know any thing amiss. After all I'm like a stranger here; more than two years away at a time."

"I'll tell you all I know," whispered Maxley: "'tis the least I can do. What (roaring), do—you—think—I've forgotten you saving my poor boy out o' that scrape, and getting him a good place in Canada, and—why he'd have been put in prison but for you, and that would ha' broken my heart and his mother's—and—" The stout voice began to quaver.

"Oh, bother all that now," said Dodd, impatiently. "The Bank! you have grounded me on thorns."

"Well, I'll tell ye: but you must promise faithful not to go and say I told ye, or you'll get me laad again: and I likes to laa *them*, not for *they* to laa me."

"I promise, I promise."

"Well, then, I got a letter to-day from my boy, him as you was so good to, and here 'tis in my breeches pocket.—Laws! how things do come round sure*ly*: why, look ee here now, if so be *you* hadn't been a good friend to *he*, *he* wouldn't be where he is, and if so be *he* warn't where *he* is, *he* couldn't have writ *me* this here, and then where should *you* and *I* be?"

"Belay your jaw and show me this letter," cried David, trembling all over.

"That I wool," said Maxley, diving a hand into his pocket. "Hush! lookee yander now; if there ain't Master Alfred a watching of us two out of his window: and he have got an eye like a hawk, *he* have. Step in the passage, captain, and I'll show it you."

He drew him aside into the passage, and gave him the letter. Dodd ran his eye over it hastily, uttered a cry like a wounded lion, dropped it, gave a slight stagger, and rushed away.

Maxley picked up his letter and watched Dodd into the Bank again; and reflected on his work. His heart was warmed at having made a return to the good captain.

His head suggested that he was on the road which leads to libel.

But he had picked up at the assizes a smattering of the law of evidence; so he coolly tore the letter in pieces. "There now," said he to himself, "if Hardies do laa me for publishing of this here letter, why they pours their water into a sieve. Ugh!" And with this exclamation he started, and then put his heavy boot on part of the letter, and ground it furtively into the mud; for a light hand had settled on his shoulder, and a keen young face was close to his.

It was Alfred Hardie, who had stolen on him like a cat. "I'm laad," thought Maxley.

"Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, in a voice as coaxing as a woman's, "are you in a good humor?"

"Well, Master Halfred, sight of you mostly puts me in one, especially after that there strychnine job."

"Then tell me," whispered Alfred, his eyes sparkling and his face beaming, "who was that you were talking to just now?—was it?—wasn't it?—who was it?"

CHAPTER XXI.

WHILE Dodd stood lowering in the doorway, he was nevertheless making a great effort to control his agitation.

At last he said, in a stern but low voice, in which, however, a quick ear might detect a tremor of agitation: "I have changed my mind, Sir: I want my money back."

At this, though David's face had prepared him, Mr. Hardie's heart sank; but there was no help for it: he said, faintly, "Certainly. May I ask?"—and there he stopped; for it was hardly prudent to ask any thing.

"No matter:" replied Dodd, his agitation rising even at this slight delay: "Come! my money! I must and will have it."

Hardie drew himself up majestically. "Captain Dodd, this is a strange way of demanding what nobody here disputes."

"Well, I beg your pardon," said Dodd, a little awed by his dignity and fairness: "but I can't help it."

The quick, supple Banker, saw the slight advantage he had gained, and his mind went into a whirl: what should he do? It was death to part with this money and gain nothing by it: sooner tell Dodd of the love affair; and open a treaty on this basis: he clung to this money like limpet to its rock; and so intense and rapid were his thoughts and schemes how to retain it a little longer, that David's apologies buzzed in his ear like the drone of a beetle.

The latter went on to say, "You see, Sir, it's my children's fortune, my boy Edward's, and my little Julia's: and so many have been trying to get it from me, that my blood boils up in a moment about it now.—My poor head!—You don't seem to understand what I am saying; there then, I am a sailor; I can't go beating and tacking, like you landsmen, with the wind dead astarn; the long and the short is, I don't feel It safe here: don't feel It safe any where, except in my wife's lap. So no more words: here's your receipt; give me my money."

"Certainly, Captain Dodd. Call to-morrow morning at the Bank, and it will be paid on demand in the regular way: the Bank opens at ten o'clock."

"No, no; I can't wait. I should be dead of anxiety before then. Why not pay it me here, and now? You took it here."

"We receive deposits till four o'clock; but we do not disburse after three. This is the system of all Banks."

"That is all nonsense: if you are open to receive money, you are open to pay it."

"My dear Sir, if you were not entirely ignorant of business, you would be aware that these things are not done in this way: money received is passed to account, and the cashier is the only person who can honor your draft on it: but, stop; if the cashier is in the Bank, we may manage it for you yet: Skinner, run and see whether he has left: and, if not, send him in to me directly." The cashier took his cue, and ran out.

David was silent.

The cashier speedily returned, saying, with a disappointed air: "The cashier has been gone this quarter of an hour."

David maintained an ominous silence.

"That is unfortunate," remarked Hardie. "But, after all, it is only till to-morrow morning: still I regret this circumstance, Sir; and I feel that all these precautions we are obliged to take must seem unreasonable to you: but experience dictates this severe routine; and, were we to deviate from it, our friends' money would not be so safe in our hands as it always has been at present."

David eyed him sternly, but let him run on. When he had concluded his flowing periods, David said, quietly: "So you can't give me my own, because your cashier has carried it away?"

Hardie smiled: "No, no; but because he has locked it up; and carried away the key."

"It is not in this room, then?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"What, not in that safe of yours, there?"

"Certainly not," said Hardie, stoutly.

"Open the safe: the keys are in it."

"Open the safe? What for?"

"To show me It is not in the right-hand partition of that safe; there: there." And David pointed at the very place where it was.

The dignified Mr. Hardie felt ready to sink with shame: a kind of shudder passed through him, and he was about to comply, heart-sick; but then wounded pride, and the rage of disappointment, stung him, and he turned in defiance: "You are impertinent, Sir: and I shall not reward your curiosity and your insolence by showing you the contents of my safes."

"My money! my money!" cried David, fiercely: "no more words, for I sha'n't listen to them: I know you now for what you are; a thief. I *saw* you put It into that safe: a liar is always a thief. You want to steal my children's money: I'll have your life first. My money! ye pirate! or I'll strangle you." And he advanced upon him, purple with rage, and shot out his long threatening arm, and brown fingers working in the air. "D'ye know what I did to a French land shark that tried to rob me of It? I throttled him with these fingers till his eyes and his tongue started out of him; he came for my children's money, and I killed him so—so—so—as I'll kill you, you thief! you liar! you scoundrel!"

His face black and convulsed with rage, and his outstretched fingers working convulsively, and hungering for a rogue's throat, made the resolute Hardie quake; he whipped out of the furious man's way, and got to the safe pale and trembling. "Hush! no violence!" he gasped: "I'll give you your money this moment, you ruffian."

While he unlocked the safe with trembling hands, Dodd stood like a man petrified; his arm and fingers stretched out and threatening; and Skinner saw him pull at his neck-tie furiously, like one choking.

Hardie got the notes and bills all in a hurry, and held them out to Dodd.

In which act, to his consternation, and surprise, and indignation, he received a back-handed blow on the eye that dazzled him for an instant; and there was David with his arms struggling wildly, and his fists clenched, his face purple, and his eyes distorted so that little was seen but the whites; the next moment his teeth gnashed loudly together, and he fell headlong on the floor with a concussion so momentous, that the windows rattled, and the room shook violently; while the dust rose in a cloud.

A loud ejaculation burst from Hardie and Skinner.

And then there was an awful silence.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN David fell senseless on the floor Mr. Hardie was somewhat confused by the back-handed blow from his convulsed and whirling arm. But Skinner ran to him, held up his head and whipped off his neckcloth.

Then Hardie turned to seize the bell and ring for assistance; but Skinner shook his head and said it was useless; this was no faint: old Betty could not help him:

"It is a bad day's work, Sir," said he, trembling: "he is a dead man."

"Dead? Heaven forbid!"

"Apoplexy!" whispered Skinner.

"Run for a doctor then: Lose no time: Don't let us have his blood on our hands. Dead?"

And he repeated the word this time in a very different tone; a tone too strange and significant to escape Skinner's quick ear. However, he laid David's head gently down, and rose from his knees to obey.

What did he see now, but Mr. Hardie, with his back turned, putting the notes and bills softly into the safe again out of sight. He saw, comprehended, and took his own course with equal rapidity.

"Come, run!" cried Mr. Hardie, "I'll take care of him; every moment is precious."

("Wants to get rid of me!") thought Skinner. "No, Sir," said he, "be ruled by me: let us take him to his friends: he won't live; and we shall get all the blame if we doctor him."

Already egotism had whispered Hardie, "How lucky if he should die!" and now a still guiltier thought flashed through him: he did not try to conquer it; he only trembled at himself for entertaining it.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

He must have a look at It.

He stole back, opened the safe, and examined the notes and bills.

He fingered them.

They seemed to grow to his finger.

He lusted after them.

He said to himself, "The matter has gone too far to stop; I *must* go on borrowing this money of the Dodds; and make it the basis of a large fortune: it will be best for all parties in the end."

He put It into his pocket-book: that pocket-book into his breast-pocket; and passed by his private door into the house: and to his dressing-room.

Ten minutes later he left the house with a little black bag in his hand.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHAT will ye give me, and I'll tell ye," said Maxley to Alfred Hardie.

"Five pounds."

"That is too much."

"Five shillings then."

"That is too little. Lookee here, your garden owes me thirty shillings for work: suppose you pays me, and that will save me from going to your Dad for it."

Alfred consented readily, and paid the money. Then Maxley told him it was Captain Dodd he had been talking with.

"I thought so! I thought so!" cried Alfred, joyfully, "but I was afraid to believe it: it was too delightful: Maxley, you're a trump: you don't know what anxiety you have relieved me of; some fool has gone and reported the *Agra* wrecked; look here!" and he showed him his Lloyd's; "luckily, it has only just come; so I haven't been miserable long."

"Well, to be sure, news flies fast nowadays. He have been wrecked, for that matter." He then surprised Alfred by telling him all he had just learned from Dodd; and was just going to let out about the fourteen thousand pounds, when he recollected this was the Banker's son; and while he was talking to him, it suddenly struck Maxley that this young gentleman would come down in the world, should the Bank break; and then the Dodds, he concluded, judging others by himself, would be apt to turn their backs on him. Now he liked Alfred, and was disposed to do him a good turn, when he could without hurting James Maxley. "Mr. Alfred," said he, "I know the world better than you do: you be ruled by me, or you'll rue it: you put on your Sunday coat this minute; and off like a shot to Albyn Villee; you'll get there before the captain: he have got a little business to do first; that is neither here nor there: besides you are young and lissome. You be the first to tell Missus Dodd the good news; and, when the captain comes, there sets you aside Miss Julee: and don't you be shy and shamefaced: take him when his heart is warm, and tell him why you are there: 'I love her, dear,' says you. He be only a sailor, and they never has no sense nor prudence: he is amost sure to take you by the hand, at such a time: and once you get his word, he'll stand good, to his own hurt; he's one of that sort, bless his silly old heart."

A good deal of this was unintelligible to Alfred; but the advice seemed good; advice generally does when it squares with our own wishes: he thanked Maxley, left him, made a hasty toilet, and ran to Albion Villa.

Sarah opened the door to him; in tears.

The news of the wreck had come to Albion Villa just half an hour ago; and in that half hour they had tasted more misery than hitherto their peaceful lot had brought them in years. Mrs. Dodd was praying and crying in her room; Julia had put on her bonnet, and was coming down in deep distress and agitation, to go down to the quay and learn more, if possible.

Alfred saw her on the stairs, and at sight of her pale, agitated face, flew to her.

She held out both hands piteously to him: "Oh, Alfred!"

"Good news!" he panted. "He is alive; Maxley has seen him—I have seen him—He will be here directly—my own love—dry your eyes—calm your fears—He is safe; he is well: hurrah! hurrah!"

The girl's pale face flushed red with hope, then pale again with emotion, then rosy red with transcendent joy: "Oh, bless you! bless you!" she murmured, in her sweet gurgle so full of heart: then took his head passionately with both her hands, as if she was going to kiss him: uttered a little inarticulate cry of love and gratitude over him, then turned and flew up the stairs crying "Mamma! mamma!" and burst into her mother's room. When two such Impetuosities meet, as Alfred and Julia, expect quick work.

What happened in Mrs. Dodd's room may be imagined: and soon both ladies came hastily out to Alfred, and he found himself in the drawing-room seated between them, and holding a hand of each, and playing the man delightfully, soothing and assuring them; Julia believed him at a word, and beamed with unmixed delight and anticipation of the joyful meeting; Mrs. Dodd cost him more trouble: her soft hand trembled still in his; and she put question upon question. But, when he told her he with his own eyes had seen Captain Dodd talking to Maxley, and gathered from Maxley he had been shipwrecked on the coast of France, and lost his chronometer and his sextant, these details commanded credit; bells were rung: the captain's dressing-room ordered to be got ready; the cook put on her mettle, and Alfred invited to stay and dine with the long-expected one: and the house of mourning became the house of joy.

"And then it was he who brought the good news," whispered Julia to her mother; "and that is so sweet."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Dodd, "he will make even me love him. The £14,000! I hope that was not lost in the wreck."

"Oh, mamma! who cares? when his own dear, sweet, precious life has been in danger, and is mercifully preserved. Why does he not come? I shall scold him for keeping us waiting: you know I am not a bit afraid of him, though he is papa: indeed, I am ashamed to say, I govern him with a rod of, no matter what. Do, do, do let us all three put on our bonnets, and run and meet him. I want him so to love somebody the very first day."

Mrs. Dodd said, "Well: wait a few minutes, and then, if he is not here, you two shall go. I dare hardly trust myself to meet my darling husband in the open street."

Julia ran to Alfred: "If he does not come in ten minutes, you and I may go and meet him."

"You are an angel;" murmured Alfred.

"You are another;" said Julia, haughtily. "Oh, dear, I can't sit down: and I don't want flattery, I want papa. A waltz! a waltz! then one can go mad with joy without startling propriety; I can't answer for the consequences if I don't let off a little, little, happiness."

"That I will," said Mrs. Dodd; "for I am as happy as you, and happier." She played a waltz.

Julia's eyes were a challenge: Alfred started up and took her ready hand, and soon the gay young things were whirling round, the happiest pair in England.

But in the middle of the joyous whirl, Julia's quick ear, on the watch all the time, heard the gate swing to: she glided like an eel from Alfred's arm, and ran to the window. Arrived there, she made three swift vertical bounds like a girl with a skipping rope, only her hands were clapping in the air at the same time; then down the stairs, screaming: "His chest! his chest! he is coming, coming, come."

Alfred ran after her.

Mrs. Dodd, unable to race with such antelopes, slipped quietly out into the little balcony.

Julia had seen two men carrying a trestle with a tarpaulin over it, and a third walking beside. Dodd's heavy sea chest had been more than once carried home this way. She met the men at the door, and overpowered them with questions: "Is it his clothes? then he wasn't so much wrecked after all. Is he with you? is he coming directly? Why don't you tell me?"

The porters at first wore the stolid impassive faces of their tribe: but, when this bright young creature questioned them, brimming over with ardor and joy, their countenances fell, and they hung their heads.

The little sharp-faced man, who was walking beside the other, stepped forward to reply to Julia.

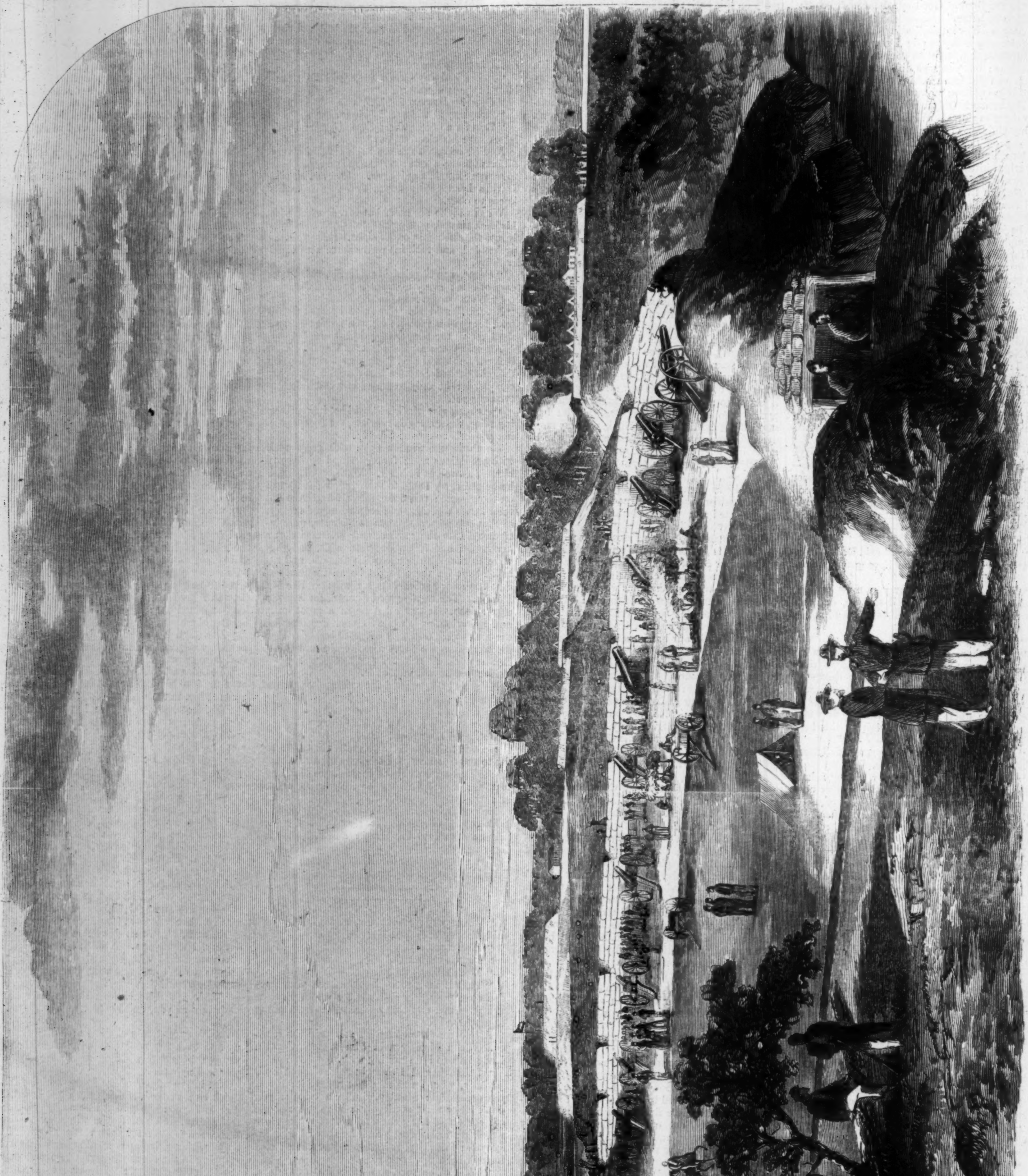
He was interrupted by a terrible scream from the balcony.

Mrs. Dodd was leaning wildly over it, with dilating eyes, and quivering hand that pointed down to the other side of the trestle: "Julia!! Julia!!"

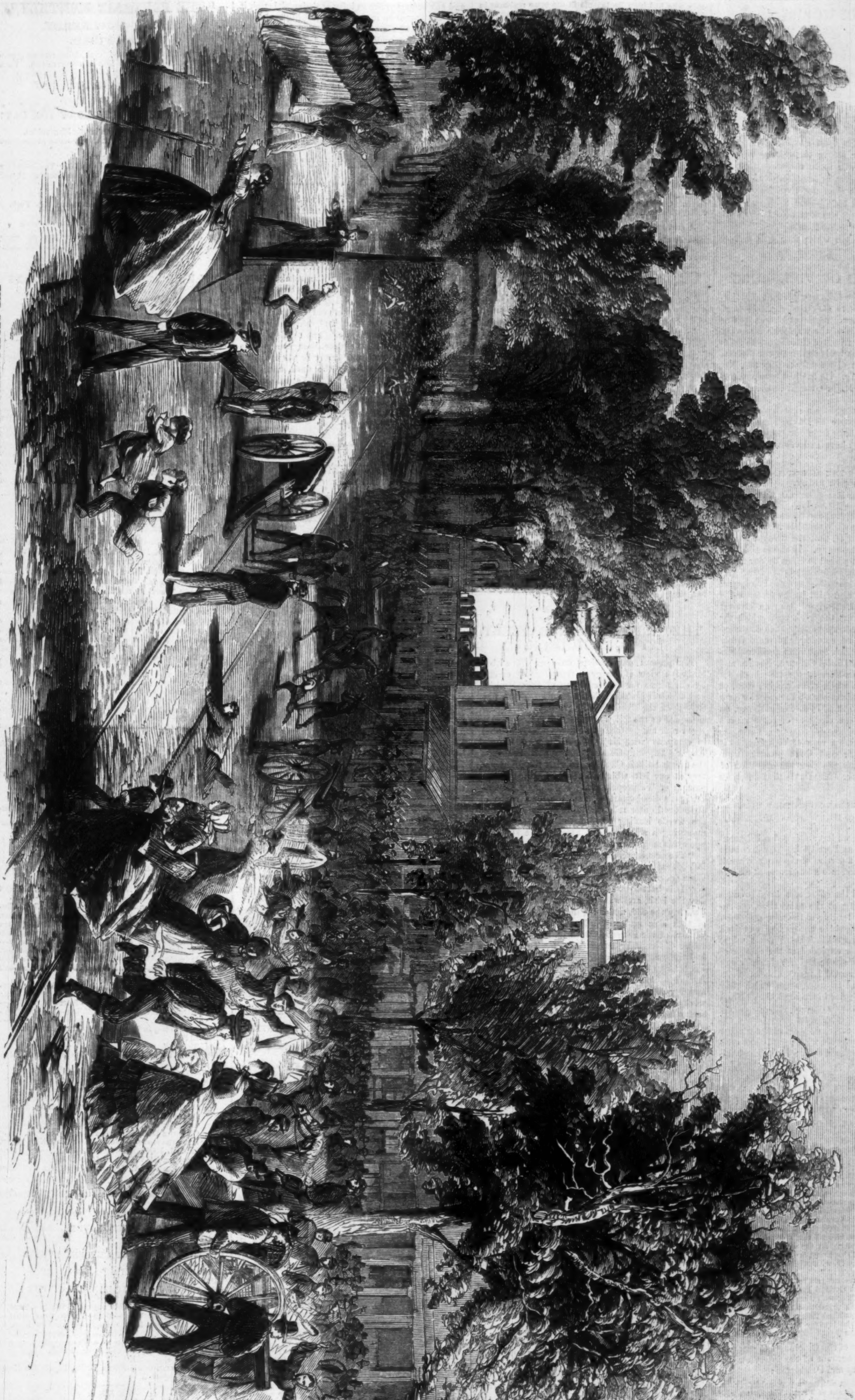
Julia ran round, and stood petrified, her pale lips apart, and all her innocent joy frozen in a moment.

The tarpaulin was scanty there, and a man's hand and part of his arm dangled helpless out.

The hand was blanched: and wore a well-known ring.



THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE GREAT RIVER BATTERY, THREE HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE REBEL CITADEL.—Sketched by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 478.]



THE REBELS SHELLING THE NEW YORK MILITIA IN THE MAIN STREET OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. THOMAS NAST.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

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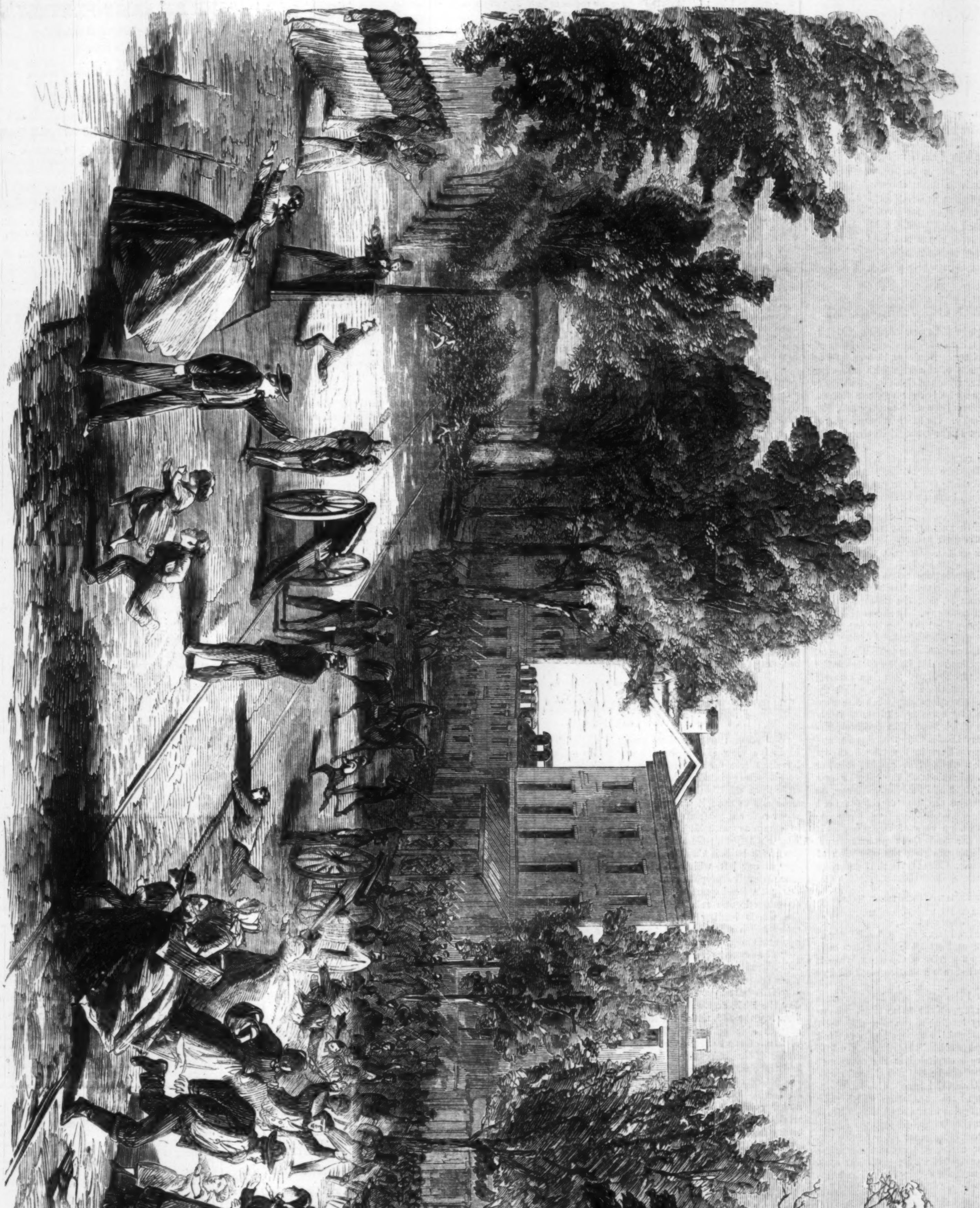

THE REBELS SHELLING THE NEW YORK MILITIA IN THE MAIN STREET OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. THOMAS NAST.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

LAST WORDS.

HE knelt beside her dying bed;
"Speak, daughter, speak!" the old man said;
And she, "'Tis dark; where is he—where?
I fain would smooth his wavy hair."
"O leave me not, my child," he said;
And she, "I know, when I am dead,
You'll let him for a little space
Gaze on my still and shrouded face."
"Child, he is here," the father said.
Her feeble arms she open spread,
Her lips to his she strove to press,
And clasp'd him in a mute caress.
"Forgive!" the father cried, "forgive!
To be his wife wilt thou not live?"
"I do forgive, and bless"—she said,
Her eyelids fluttered, she was dead!
Poor lover! poorer father! he
Through life that thin white face will see.

THE TAKING OF VICKSBURG.

WE publish on page 465 a new portrait of Major-General Grant, the hero of Vicksburg. Most of the portraits in existence represent him as he was at the commencement of the war, with a flowing beard. He has since trimmed this hirsute appendage, and now looks as he is shown in our picture. For a life of the General we refer to page 365, No. 336, of *Harper's Weekly*. He has just been appointed by the President Major-General in the regular army.

On page 468 we reproduce a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, showing the rebel works at Vicksburg from our extreme right, with the Mississippi above and below Vicksburg. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE VIEW FROM THE RIFLE-PITS AT THE EXTREME RIGHT.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *June 22, 1863.*

"The scene at this point embraces so much that the public is familiar with, that has been mapped, sketched, and written of, that the present sketch must be of interest to many. It shows the very commanding position passed so often by our fleets, he lower batteries that sunk the boat of the gallant Bache—the *Cincinnati*—Young's Point, etc. Below is Warrenton, and faint in the distance the canal. Even the 'Bohemians' have an interest in the sketch, for is not the work upon which the rebel flag waves the very battery that disturbed their quietude the last summer, and more lately sank the little tug which sent upon an involuntary journey through 'Dixie' Colburn, Brown, and Richardson? The soldiers in the trench give a view of trench life: while some smoke, read, or chat, gun in hand, others are on the *qui vive* for a good chance, which means, in soldier parlance, an opportunity to end the chapters of some rebel's book of life."

On page 469 we give a view of Vicksburg as it was before the war; and three pictures from sketches by Mr. Davis, showing the operation of mining a hostile work. Mr. Davis thus describes them:

"MINING THE REBEL WORK FORT HILL.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *June 26, 1863.*

"At this moment we have effected a lodgment in the work known as Fort Hill. This has been done by blowing up a portion of the work, when it was speedily converted into a bastion work for two guns.

"I have sketched the effect of a hand grenade in the trench, showing, at the same time, the entrance of the gallery leading to the mines.

"I have also sketched the miners busily at work far under the rebel wall. The different mines (four in number) were exploded at the same moment. The dust and smoke had not cleared away when a portion of General Logan's division dashed into the saps and trenches, from which they had been withdrawn prior to the explosion. From the advance trench they swarmed into the cavity made by the blast. Here were soon busily engaged the engineer corps, under Chief Engineer Captain Hickenlooper, who, with magnificent coolness, held his post under a severe fire. The lodgment was soon complete, and the position ours."

By way of completing the history, we append the following particulars of the surrender. A dispatch dated Head-quarters General Grant, near Vicksburg, July 3, 8 P.M., said:

At eight this morning flags of truce appeared before A. J. Smith's front, when Major-General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery were led blindfolded into our lines. They bore a communication from General Pemberton of the following purport:

"Although I feel confident of my ability to resist your arms indefinitely, in order to stop the further effusion of blood, I propose that you appoint three Commissioners, to meet three whom I shall select, to arrange such terms as may best accomplish the result."

Grant soon replied substantially in these words:

"The appointment of Commissioners is unnecessary. While I should be glad to stop any unnecessary effusion of blood, the only terms which I can entertain are those of unconditional surrender. At the same time, myself, and men, and officers of this army, are ready to testify to the distinguished gallantry with which the defense of Vicksburg has been conducted."

At eleven o'clock the messengers returned. This afternoon General Grant met General Pemberton between the lines, and after an hour's consultation settled the surrender. General Pemberton urged that the soldiers might be paroled here and furnished rations to carry them to their lines; in view of the bravery they have displayed, and the advantages of the plan, General Grant consented.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following account of the interview between Generals Grant and Pemberton:

General Pemberton then solicited a personal interview, which was granted by Grant at 3 P.M. The latter, with his staff, appeared on the hills where our advance works were. Here the party halted, until General Pemberton appeared, accompanied by General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery. On the crest of the opposite hills were rifle-pits and forts, crowded with men. In the space in a grove of fruit trees of figs and peaches met the contending heroes. Thousands of soldiers looked upon this strange scene. Two men who had been lieutenants in the same regiment in Mexico now met as foes, with all the world looking upon them. The one his country's glory, the other his country's shame.

When they had approached within a few feet there was a halt and silence.

Colonel Montgomery spoke—"General Grant, General Pemberton." They shook hands politely. It was evident Pemberton was mortified. He said: "I was at Monterey and Buena Vista. We had terms and conditions there."

General Grant then took him aside. They sat down on the grass and talked more than an hour. Grant smoked all the time. Pemberton played with the grass and pulled leaves. Grant finally agreed to parole them, allowing the officers each his horse.

It was a polite thing. The dread of going North, and the fear of harsh treatment, had deterred them from capitulating sooner. He proved his magnanimity, and saved thousands upon thousands of dollars in the way of transportation and rations. They feared the Fourth of July. Our men would call out at night that the Fourth would finish them, and it was so arranged. By this we have saved thousands of lives. Both armies are gratified with the result. Our men treat them with kindness, giving them coffee, which some of them have not tasted for a year.

A correspondent of the Missouri *Democrat* says:

At ten o'clock A.M. of the 4th, General Steele's division marched into and garrisoned the city. The bands played the national airs of the contending forces. The scene was witnessed by thousands of Federal and rebel soldiers, who for the first time in weeks showed themselves with impunity above the rifle-pits; and during all these weeks they had been within five yards of each other.

General Grant came slowly to the place of rendezvous, smoking a cigar, and apparently the only unexcited person in the vast assemblage.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs by way of Cairo:

General M'Pherson received the formal surrender. The terms allow the officers and men to be paroled here, the former to retain their side-arms and horses and personal property. They will be escorted beyond our lines and furnished with three days provisions from our stores.

General Logan's division marched into the city at eleven o'clock, and at noon Lieutenant-Colonel Strong hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the Court-house.

Colonel Wilson is Provost-Marshal of the city, and General Logan is commander of the post.

We have taken over 27,000 prisoners, besides about 4000 non-combatants, 102 field-pieces, thirty siege-guns, 50,000 stand of arms, ammunition, locomotives, cars, a few stores, and fifty-seven stand of colors.

Among the prisoners are Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major-Generals S. Stevenson, Smith, Forney, and Bowen; fourteen Brigadier-Generals and about one hundred and thirty Colonels.

There are 5600 men in the hospital, half of whom are wounded. Only one hundred and fifty of the garrison are reported fit for duty. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and for days numbers had been eating mule-flesh.

Of ammunition for heavy guns they had a fair supply, but for field-guns and musketry they were short. Eight caps to a man were allowed. They had an excess of sugar, molasses, and rice, and these were all the supplies they had, except a little unground corn.

THE GREAT RIVER BATTERY AT PORT HUDSON.

WE present our readers on page 476 with a birds-eye view of the great river battery erected by our forces for the reduction of Port Hudson, and which is placed at the extreme left of our line, close upon the Mississippi River. Our correspondent sends us the following description:

"I rode out yesterday afternoon (the 24th June), in company with Major G. B. Halsted, General Augur's Adjutant-General, and Colonel Prince, of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, to visit the great battery at our left, which I knew had been for days past in active preparation. Passing by General Dwight's head-quarters, and the long range of abandoned outer rebel batteries, we plunged into the woods leading toward the river, and after mounting a steep wooded ascent came suddenly upon this magnificent work, close to the river-side.

"The scene presented was very striking—and, indeed, astonishing, considering the time in which these enormous works had been constructed.

"This battery was not commenced until Tuesday the 16th, and was finished by the evening of Tuesday the 23d, under the immediate supervision of that able and indefatigable officer, Major J. Bailey, of the Fourth Wisconsin, acting Engineer officer of General Sherman's staff. To form it he had three companies of Louisiana Engineers (First Engineers of the Corps d'Afrique), under Major Robinson, and two regiments of Ullman's brigade, making about 1400 negroes in all, who were kept at work night and day—two parties of 700 relieving each other alternately.

"The battery mounts one 9-inch navy gun, three 24-pounders, two 30-pound Parrotts, three 20-pound Parrotts, two 8-inch howitzers, and six Napoleon guns; there are, besides, three mortars and one 8-inch howitzer in a separate battery alongside. The magazine compartment is most complete; and away on the left of the picture, down the declivity of the hill toward the river, a magnificent series of rifle-pits have been constructed. The breast-works are formed of cotton-bales and sand-bags covered with earth; and the whole presents one of the most splendid pieces of scientific engineering ever seen.

"What most astonished me on arriving at these works was to see our men carelessly standing on the parapets; and the more so when, on mounting them myself, I saw how dreadfully near we were to the rebel batteries in front, on which the enemy were also standing and gazing listlessly at us. They were only 300 yards off, and it really looked as if we could have thrown stones at each other. On our ramparts was proudly floating the good old flag, and right in our teeth the Confederate rag. The first *coup d'œil*, as the whole scene burst upon me—with the little intervening ravine, the calm river, and wooded shore beyond—was one never to be forgotten.

"On inquiring how it was that the enemy did not fire at us, or we at them? the soldiers told me that, by some tacit understanding among themselves, the two sides had ceased worrying each other for days past. What the object of the rebels can be in permitting us undisturbed to erect such formidable works under their very noses passes the comprehension of every one.

"The large rebel battery near the river, and over which their flag is planted, is called the 'Citadel,' and is the highest and strongest work in Port Hudson. We are also on equally high ground, and our battery quite as lofty as theirs, although it may not appear so in the picture, owing to the elevated point of view it was necessary to select for seeing the surrounding country.

"Although not playing on our breast-works, the rebels—while I was busily sketching—fired several times down the ravine toward the river, at the negroes who were still busy in the lower intrenchments. In spite of all I had heard of this 'tacit understanding' between us and them, their music was unpleasantly near and suggestive. When these two batteries open in earnest their thunder against each other the struggle will be terrific."

OUR MILITIA AT CARLISLE.

WE publish on page 477 an illustration of the SHELLING OF THE TOWN OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA, BY THE REBELS, from a sketch by our special artist Mr. Thomas Nast. Our militia, comprising, among other regiments, the 22d and 37th, both from this city, marched from Harrisburg on 30th June, and arrived at Carlisle next morning, after some skirmishing with the rebels. That evening the rebel commander sent three several summonses to the commanding officer at Carlisle, demanding a surrender; but old General Smith had no notion of the kind, and refused in terms more peremptory than polite. The rebels then, at 10 P.M., began to shell the place. Our troops were partly in Main Street and partly in the outskirts of the town, lying quiet in the dark, unable to reply and exposed to the shells. Yet not a man wavered or skulked; and by good Providence no one was killed, though some were slightly wounded by contusions. Next morning our boys moved, and the rebels skedaddled.

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CASE OF ROSCOE K. WATSON.

Dr. B. Brandreth—
New York:

SIR: I was a private in Co. F, 17th regiment, New York Vols. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock near Falmouth, I and many of the Company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The Army Surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Among the Company were quite a number of members who had worked in your Laboratory at Sing Sing. They were not sick, because they used Brandreth's Pills. These men prevailed upon me and others to use the Pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. After this our boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds, and rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health.

Out of gratitude to you for my good health, I send you this letter, which, if necessary, the entire Company would sign.

I am, respectfully yours,
ROSCOE K. WATSON,
JUNE 23, 1863. Sing Sing.

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For August, 1863.

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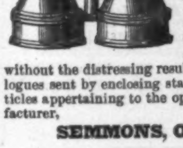

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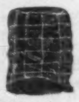

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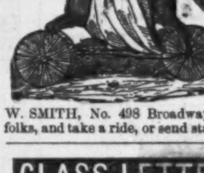

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